The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

W. M. THACKERAY.

From a Pencil Drawing by Richard Doyle in the British Museum.

A pencil drawing from the life, which is very characteristic.—F. G. Kitton in the *Magazine of Art.*

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers the unique collection of illustrations in the special Thackeray number of The Bookman, we have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., for permission to reproduce a number of pictures from their Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works; to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd.; Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons, and Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., for allowing us to include various illustrations from Thackeray's novels; to Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. for pictures from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray"; to Messrs. Scribner's Sons for permitting us to reproduce two sketches from "Haunts and Homes," by Eyre Crowe; to Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., for a drawing by Frederick Barnard; to Mr. John C. Nimmo for the loan of "Charterhouse Old and New," from which we have reproduced an etching by D. Y. Cameron; to Mr. W. T. Spencer, New Oxford Street, for courteously placing at our disposal several valuable works connected with the subject; to the Committee of the Reform Club for the photograph of the Strangers' Room showing the painting by Samuel Laurence; and to Mr. Lewis Melville for information supplied and for further assistance kindly rendered.

At the same time we desire to make special mention of the exceeding kindness we have received at the hands of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who was good enough to afford us facilities for obtaining several photographs of great interest, including a painting of Thackeray's father; portraits of Thackeray by Frank Stone and Sir John E. Millais; a portion of the MS. of "Denis Duval," with a marginal sketch by the author; and the writing table and chair used by

Thackeray; all of which are here reproduced for the first time.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has, we hear, written some new stories dealing with "Mr. Pyecroft," whom we have heard in several quarters called "a naval Mulvaney." Our readers will remember that Mr. Pyecroft began his adventures—in this case on land—in "Steam Tactics," which was published in a recent number of the *Windsor Magazine*. The new stories will be published in one of the best of the sixpenny magazines, and, of course, simultaneously in America.

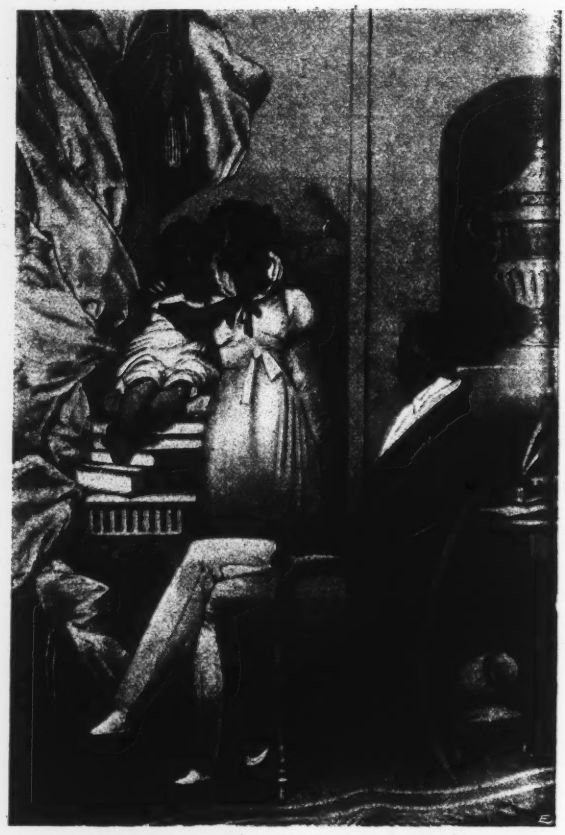
The serial publication of "The Adventures of Etienne Gerard" will be concluded in the *Strand Magazine* in time to enable the publisher to issue the stories in book form some time towards the end of April or early in May. Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co., of New York, are to be the American publishers of the book. It was Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co. who published Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's last book, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," in America, and we understand that they have up to date sold some 70,000 copies of it.

W. M. THACKERAY IN 1822.

From a replica of a plaster cast by J. Devile, which was presented in 1881 to the National Portrait Gallery by Sir Leslie Stephen, the original remaining in the possession of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

"A bust representing him at eleven years of age, where the gentle expression in the youthful physiognomy is suggestive of the general aspect of the features in later years; and here we first find evidence of that unfortunate accident to his nose (broken during a fight at school), which permanently disfigured the otherwise handsome face."—F. G. Kitton in the *Magazine of Art*.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.



W. M. THACKERAY AT THE AGE OF THREE,
with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Thackeray.

From a Water-Colour Sketch done in India by Chinnery in 1814, now in the possession of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

"This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid passing impression of that first home which lasted so short a time. . . . My long, lean young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair, with tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. He was at that time collector of the district called the 24 Pergunnahs. My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two-and-twenty summers, stands draped in white, and beside her, perched upon half-a-dozen big piled books, with his arms round his mother's neck, is her little son, William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old, dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly dark hair, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same, indeed, after a lifetime."—Biographical Introduction by Anne Ritchie.

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is at present hard at work on a new story which he has been commissioned to write with a view to serial publication in the *Monthly Review*. Mr. Quiller-Couch is also, we hear, under agreement to write a number of new short stories for publication in the *Illustrated London News*, where the stories he contributed during last year have been so very popular.

We are informed that His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to accept, through Sir Dighton Probyn, a copy of "An Episode on a Desert Island," by the author of "Miss Molly."

Mr. Richard Bagot, whose "Donna Diana" has been one of the most successful novels of the late autumn season, is already at work on a new story. This new work will, however, be published serially prior to its appearing in book form.

THE CHARTERHOUSE IN THE TIME OF THACKERAY.

From 1822 to 1828 Thackeray was at the Charterhouse, and the famous school figured largely in his writings as "Greyfriars." Here it was that Colonel Newcome and Clive, Pendennis, George Osborne and his son, Philip Firmin, and young Rawdon Crawley were all educated.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

LARKBEARE,

The home of Thackeray's mother in Devonshire, where the novelist used to spend his holidays as a boy. The house was situated a mile and a half from Ottery St. Mary, and this neighbourhood is described by Thackeray in "Pendennis," Ottery St. Mary, Exeter, and Sidmouth figuring respectively as "Clavering St. Mary," "Chatteris," and "Baymouth."

From a Photo by H. D. Badcock, Ottery St. Mary.

Mr. William Le Queux has just completed the new serial for *Chambers' Journal* in 1904. It is called "The Closed Book," and relates certain curious facts regarding the Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, and his notorious sister Lucrezia, discovered by means of a sixteenth-century manuscript found in Italy. The romance is one of present-day life.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new novel will be entitled "By Snare of Love." It will be published in the first instance serially in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

Mr. W. E. Norris is at present touring in the East, and when last heard from was leaving Ceylon on his way to Tasmania.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has accepted a commission to write a series of short stories for publication in the *Royal Magazine*. Mr. Sutcliffe has also recently completed a new manuscript in a somewhat different vein, entitled "A Bachelor in Arcady," and this will be published as a serial in the *Queen* prior to being issued in book form during the autumn of this year.

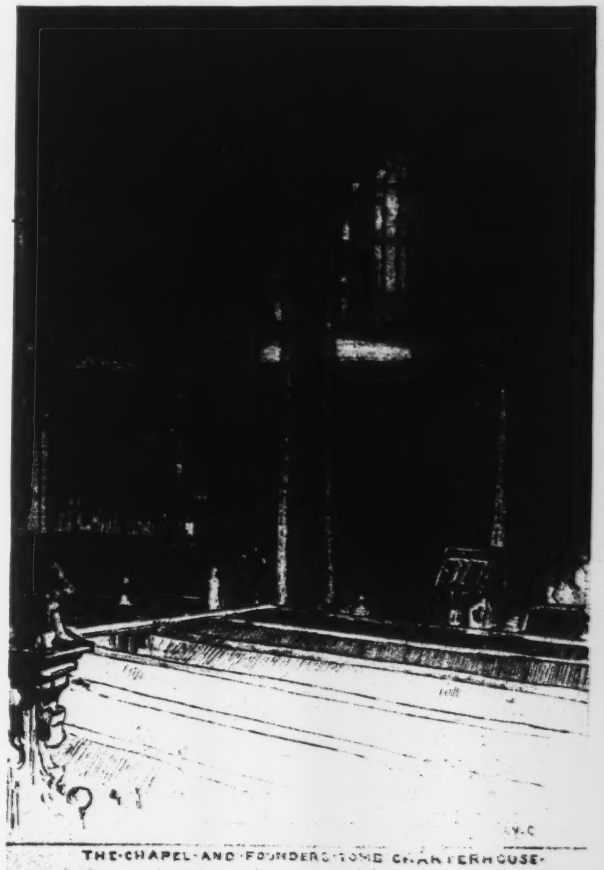
Mrs. Allhusen, the author of "Miss Molly," has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel which she has decided to entitle "The Great Reconciler."

Dr. Andrew Balfour's new novel is to be entitled "The Golden Kingdom." It will be published during the spring season by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. in this country, and simultaneously in America by Messrs. L. C. Page and Co.

Mr. Arthur Morrison's articles on Japanese Art, which have been appearing in the *Monthly Review*, are to be collected, and, after the author has carefully revised and in some cases enlarged them, they will be republished as a book. We have no doubt this will be for many years to come the standard work on the subject.

Mr. Oliver Onions has, we regret to hear, been seriously unwell, and the appearance of his new novel has consequently been somewhat delayed. We are glad to hear, however, that he is now well on the way to complete recovery.

Miss Una L. Silberrad is contributing to the forth-



THE CHAPEL AND FOUNDER'S TOMB, CHARTERHOUSE.

From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

"The chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb. . . . A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! how nob'e the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches!"—Description of Founder's Day from "The Newcomes."

(Reproduced from "Charterhouse, Old and New," by kind permission of Mr. J. C. Nimmo.)

RICHMOND THACKERAY, FATHER OF THE NOVELIST.
From a hitherto unpublished Painting by an unknown artist, in the possession of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

"He seems to have had the family gift for administration, for brilliant and conscientious public work. His tastes and amusements curiously recall my father's—his drawings, his love of art, the paint-box with the silver clasps, the horses, the portfolios of prints, the bric-à-brac, his collections of various kinds, and his pleasure in hospitality. Richmond Thackeray was a reserved man, but he was no recluse."—Biographical Introduction by Anne Ritchie.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, *by kind permission of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.*

coming number of *Blackwood's Magazine* a new story of quite unusual charm and interest, entitled "The Dower Chest of Ann Ponsford."

The Clarendon Press is understood to have in contemplation a complete edition of Ben Jonson, uniform with its editions of Kyd and Lyly, and it is hoped that Professor Herford will undertake the responsibility of Editor-in-chief.

A new translation of the characters, Reflexions and Maxims of La Bruyère and Vauvenargues, is shortly to appear with Biographical Notices and Introductions from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Lee, the translator of Selections from Sainte-Beuve. It is the first time that Vauvenargues will appear in an English dress.

A stirrup-cup was given to Mr. Sidney Lee on the eve of his departure for New York on Wednesday, 21st January. The toasts honoured were those of the King, "Our Guest," the Chairman, Canon Beeching, and Mr. Thomas Seccombe, by whom the dinner was arranged.

Dr. William Barry is now engaged upon an historical and religious romance, to be called "The Dayspring." It is a story of the Second Empire, the Siege of Paris, and the Commune. But these are only a background to the adventures and mental struggles of a fervent but misguided soul, round whom are grouped, doing or suffering, various characteristic types of the period, drawn from experience. The title forecasts an ideal, though tragic, solution of a drama which passes through stirring and even violent scenes. It belongs to the kind of "stories in Cosmopolis," with some of which M. Paul Bourget has made us acquainted. Dr. Barry hopes also, before the year is out, to finish a volume long since in his thoughts, under the provisional name of "Symbol and Life, a Modern Essay towards Religion." This work, in which phrases and terms of metaphysics are carefully put away, will be an effort, in view of prevailing religious troubles, to establish the sure basis of belief in God and Christ. Its nature may be guessed from the words that embody its conclusion, "Faith is the ground of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." While keeping clear of disputes among Christians and giving a hearty welcome to other attempts in the same direction, "Symbol and Life" will take its own course, being in a certain degree the writer's personal witness to what he affirms. It is not a volume of sermons, and none of it has appeared in print.

The new reprint of the "Grammont," which Mr. A. H. Bullen is just about to publish, is edited by Mr. Gordon Goodwin. The notes will certainly not contain less than those of Vizetelly's edition, and the illustrations are much choicer, several of them being derived from rare miniatures in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection.

Eight volumes of Constable's new classified and augmented edition of Arber's "English Garner," originally in eight volumes, will appear during February. Two further volumes of Elizabethan poems and lyrics, with introductions by Mr. A. H. Bullen, will appear in the early spring, and the new issue will be completed by the two volumes of English Sonnet-Sequences with an introduction from Mr. Sidney Lee.

Mr. Norvell Smith is editing for Messrs. Methuen a new edition of Wordsworth. Mr. Smith, who is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, has devoted much time to the study of Wordsworth, and published some months ago a selection, prefaced by an introduction.

Messrs. Constable and Co. will publish in the spring season a novel entitled "Alison," by a new writer, Miss J. E. Rait.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 15TH, 1902, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1903.

Since the close of our last report the season which, above all others, is fraught with so much concern to the book trade has closed. During the week immediately preceding Christmas much briskness was experienced, and the pronounced impetus in sales compensated in a considerable measure for the previous somewhat tardy demand. Upon the whole, the season has proved a fairly good one, and whilst there has been no especial cause for jubilation, there has at the same time been no cause for despondency.

It has been evidenced that fiction still maintains its extensive hold upon the public, as it formed by far the principal item in the trade transacted, although the higher class art publications have enjoyed a greater measure of success than in the few previous years. The more pretentious volumes of illustrated works for children hardly kept up their usual popularity, with the notable exception of the "Just So Stories," which sold to an enormous extent, and formed the leading line with the juveniles.

The usual slackness has followed the previous activity, and during the past few weeks the sales have in no class been of great importance.

In 6s. novels the output has been very limited, although as we go to press a marked increase is noticeable. Among the most popular lines of the month may be mentioned "Bayard's Courier," "The Little White Bird," "The Sheep Stealers," "Paul Kelver," "The Vultures," "Four Feathers," "Fuel of Fire," and "The Reflections of Ambrosine"—all of which are selling freely.

Another volume of Mr. Dooley's Observations has appeared, at 3s. 6d., and has been much in request.

"The Three Years War," by De Wet, after having been one of the leading items of the Christmas season, continues to be in steady demand, whilst Viljoen's "Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War" is also popular.

"John Wesley's Journal" maintains its position as an attractive work, and is in constant request. "The Called of God," by A. B. Davidson, and "Natural Laws in Terrestrial Phenomena," by W. Digby, have also found many purchasers.

A large portion of the trade of the past few weeks has consisted of the various well-known diaries, almanacks, and books of reference for the forthcoming year. Among the almanacks, Whitaker appears to increase its popularity with each successive issue. The "Daily Mail Year Book" and "Hazell's Annual" have also sold well.

A considerable number of the new Licensing Act, as well as the Education Act, have passed through the trade, and quite a number of annotated editions of both have appeared.

Educational literature has moved somewhat freely towards the end of the month.

The fresh issues of Sixpenny Reprints are increasing rapidly, and the orders in this line are more numerous. The following is a list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Sheep Stealers. By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)
The Vultures. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Fuel of Fire. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Reflections of Ambrosine. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hutchinson.)
Moth and Rust. By Mary Cholmondeley. (J. Murray.)
Bayard's Courier. By B. K. Benson. (Macmillan.)

Observations by Mr. Dooley. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Three Years War. By C. De Wet. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)
Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War. By Ben Viljoen. 6s. (Hood, Douglas.)
Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
John Wesley's Journal, abridged. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
The Called of God. By A. B. Davidson. 6s. (T. and T. Clark.)
Natural Law in Terrestrial Phenomena. By W. Digby. 6s. net. (W. Hutchinson.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. and 2s. 6d. net. (Whitaker.)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, 1749—1813, GRANDFATHER OF THE NOVELIST.

Sir William Hunter has told the earlier history of William Makepeace Thackeray the first, the "elephant hunter," as he was called, "arriving in India on his seventeenth birthday, with his mother's Bible in his trunk." "We hear of his rapid promotion under Mr. Cartier, the predecessor of Warren Hastings as Governor of Bengal; of the wild territories he was set to govern, of his adventurous wanderings, his speculations in elephants and tigers, his audacious disputes with the Court of Directors—all happening within the ten years he remained in India. He was not unlike the hero of a fairy tale, somewhat limited, but brave and single-minded. Family feeling was strong in this enterprising young civilian. He sailed for India in 1766; in 1768, at the age of nineteen, he had sent home for his sisters."—Introduction by Anne Ritchie.

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

RUE NEUVE ST. AUGUSTIN, PARIS, A.D. 1836,
which is close to the rue Neuve des Petits Champs, with its restaurant made famous in the ballad of *Bouillabaisse.*

From a Drawing by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

"It was in August, 1836, that Thackeray was married to Miss Shawe, at the British Embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, who was chaplain there. He took apartments for himself and his wife in the rue Neuve St. Augustin. He was then correspondent of the *Constitutional*, and a reference to its columns at this date shows Titmarsh as a most violent anti-Louis-Philippist."

(Reproduced from "Thackeray's Haunts and Homes," by kind permission of Messrs. Scribner's Sons and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Daily Mail Year Book. 1s. net. (Office.)
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Various other Diaries and Almanacks.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 27, 1902—An intensely brisk time for the few days preceding the holiday.
Jan. 3, 1903—Very slack in all departments.
,, 10—A slight improvement in the Home Trade.
,, 17—A fairly good week in Home Trade, and somewhat brisk in Export.

(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1902, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1903.

The busy season, to which all booksellers looked forward with more than usual anxiety, duly came, and the general experience was that purchasers put off naming their requirements until the few days prior to Christmas.

Undoubtedly the heavy taxation pressing on the community affected the volume of business done, although the variety and quality of gift books was quite equal to that of any recent Christmastide.

The most noteworthy feature was the brisk sale of De Wet's book on the war, which evidently had gone far beyond the expectations of the trade, judging by the repeated orders placed.

Two other war books somewhat prominent were "On the Heels of De Wet" and Viljoen's "Reminiscences."

Religious books were in good demand, and the following were readily sold:—Denney's "Death of Christ," Davidson's "Called of God" and "Biblical and Literary Essays," Miller's "Upper Currents," and, on account of Mr. Shepherd's popularity in Glasgow, his book entitled "The Gospel of Social Questions" was in much request.

Barrie's "Little White Bird" sold excellently, and was much appreciated by those who could enter into its spirit.

Other six-shilling novels prominent in the month's business were "The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason; "Fuel of Fire," by E. T. Fowler; "Reflections of Ambrosine," by Elinor Glyn; "Paul Kelver," by Jerome; "The Sheepstealers," by Violet Jacob, and especially "Glengarry Days," by Ralph Connor. A book entitled "Wee Macgregor," published at one shilling in Glasgow, depicting humble life in that city, with fine touches of kindly humour, sold in thousands, and had to be reprinted.

Of children's books there was no lack of variety. The sales of Kipling's "Just So Stories" were simply surprising, and "Punch's Book for Children" had many admirers.

From the numerous requests for Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Queen Victoria" it was evident that it had gained considerable attention, and was reckoned a genuine biography.

Other notable books of the month's business were Professor Knight's "Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen," "South Africa and its Future," by Louis

LUDOVICUS REX.

From a Drawing by Thackeray.

"But a king is not every inch a king, for all the poet may say; and it is curious to see how much precise majesty there is in that majestic figure of Ludovicus Rex. . . . The idea of kingly dignity is equally strong in the two outer figures; and you see, at once, that majesty is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes, and cloak, all *fleurs-de-lis* bespangled. As for the little lean, shrivelled, paunchy old man, of five feet two, in a jacket and breeches, there is no majesty in *him*, at any rate; and yet he has just stepped out of that very suit of clothes. Put the wig and shoes on him, and he is six feet high; the other fripperies, and he stands before you majestic, imperial, and heroic!"—*The Paris Sketch Book.*

(Reproduced from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

"I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze! With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard; then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at nineteen minutes past seven, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. There was PUNCH—familiar old PUNCH—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile."

(Reproduced from the New Century Library Edition of "Contributions to Punch," by kind permission of Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons.)

CAPTAIN COSTIGAN.

From a Drawing by Frederick Barnard.

The Captain's eyes were somewhat dim. . . . His hat was cocked very much on one ear. . . . Poverty seems as if it were disposed, before it takes possession of a man entirely, to attack his extremities first: the coverings of his head, feet, and hands, are its first prey. All these parts of the Captain's person were particularly rakish and shabby.—The History of Pendennis.

(Reproduced from "Character Sketches from Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

Creswicke, and Mr. Seton's excellent volume entitled "A Budget of Anecdotes."

As usual considerable sales were effected of diaries, almanacs, and calendars, and of these mention may be made of Whitaker's Almanac and Peerage, the Daily Mail Year Book, and Oliver and Boyd's Almanac, as specially prominent.

Sixpenny reprints were not specially successful. The following six were most popular: Ouida's "Strathmore," Braddon's "Hostages to Fortune," Walsh's "Mysterious Burglar," Boothby's "Red Rat's Daughter," Croker's "State Secret," and Zola's "Dram Shop."

De La Pluche. M. A. Titmarsh. Major Gahagan.

COMIC TALES AND SKETCHES.

Two volumes of reprints were published by Thackeray in 1841, under the title of "*Comic Tales and Sketches. Edited and Illustrated by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh*," with a preface dated "Paris, April 1, 1841," from which the following is an extract:—

"When there came to be a question of republishing the tales in these volumes, the three authors, Major Gahagan, Mr. Fitzroy Yellowplush, and myself, had a violent dispute upon the matter of editing; and at one time we talked of editing each other all round. The toss of a half-penny, however, decided the question in my favour. . . . On the title-page the reader is presented with three accurate portraits of the authors of these volumes. They are supposed to be marching hand-in-hand, and are just on the very brink of Immortality."

(Reproduced from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

Our usual list of best selling books is as follows:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder.)
The Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Reflections of Ambrosine. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hutchinson.)

Virginian. By Owen Wister. (Macmillan.)
Fuel of Fire. By E. T. Fowler. (Hodder.)
Glengarry Days. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)
The Sheep Stealers. By V. Jacob. (Heinemann.)

Books on the War.

Three Years of War. By C. De Wet. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)
Reminiscences of the War. By Viljoen. 6s. (Hood.)
On the Heels of De Wet. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Religious Books.

The Death of Christ. By Prof. Denney. 6s. (Hodder.)
Biblical and Literary Essays. By Prof. Davidson. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Gospel and Social Questions. By A. Shepherd. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Dr. Adamson's Life of Dr. Parker. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Miscellaneous.

Just So Stories. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Some 19th Century Scotsmen. By Prof. Knight. 10s. 6d. (Oliphant)
Mr. Sidney Lee's Life of Queen Victoria. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Budget of Anecdotes. By G. Seton. 5s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Wee Macgregor. By J. J. B. 1s. net.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. 5s. (Hodder.)
Mr. Punch's Book for Children. 6s. (Bradbury.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

FEBRUARY.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

February 5th.

MITFORD, BERTRAM.—Haviland's Chum, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
HENTY, G. A.—Rujub the Juggler. New Edition. 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
GIBBON, CHARLES.—The Flower of the Forest. New Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
WALTON AND COTTON.—Complete Angler. New Edition. 2s. and 3s. net ..... (Chatto)

February 6th.

DUNN, ARCHIBALD.—The Way of Cain: A Sporting Novel, 2s. 6d. ..... (Routledge)
DUNN, ARCHIBALD.—The Bridge Book, 3s. 6d. ... (Routledge)
TENNYSON, LORD.—Poetical Works, 1830-60, 3s. 6d. (Routledge)
TURNER, REGINALD.—The Steeple, 6s. ..... (Greening)
SPURRELL, H. G. F.—Out of the Past, 6s. ..... (Greening)
"MAISEY."—The Ice Maiden, 3s. 6d. ..... (Greening)
GERARD, MORICE.—The Man with the White Face, 6s. (Ward, Lock)

February 9th.

JAMES, G. P. R.—Historical Novels. 25 Vols. 50s. net (Routledge)
MOORE, HENRY CHARLES.—Brave Deeds of the World's Heroines, 2s. ..... (Religious Tract Society)
BINDLEY, T. H., M.A., D.D.—Athanasii. De Incarnations Verbi Dei. 2nd Edition Revised. 2s. (Religious Tract Society)
SHUCKBURGH, E. S.—Augustus, 16s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SHEPPARD, ARTHUR.—How to Become a Private Secretary, 1s. (Fisher Unwin)

February 10th.

LILIENTHAL, REV. H., M.A.—Some Actors in Our Lord's Passion, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Skeffington)

February 11th.

HALSTEAD, MURAT.—Life of Theodore Roosevelt, 10s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
MERIMEE, PROSPER.—The Abbé Aubain, and other Mosaics, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
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SALTUS, EDGAR.—Mr. Incoul's Misadventure, 6s. ... (Greening)
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Books to be Published during February, dates not fixed.

TORREY, R. A.—How to Pray. Cheap Edition. 6d. net (Nisbet)
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Ten-Pound Penalty, 2s. ... (Treherne)
SPENSER.—Poets of the Renaissance Series, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net (Treherne)
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PAIN, BARRY—Little Entertainments, 1s. and 2s. (Fisher Unwin)
HOLYOAKE, G. J.—Public Speaking and Debate. New Edition. 1s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
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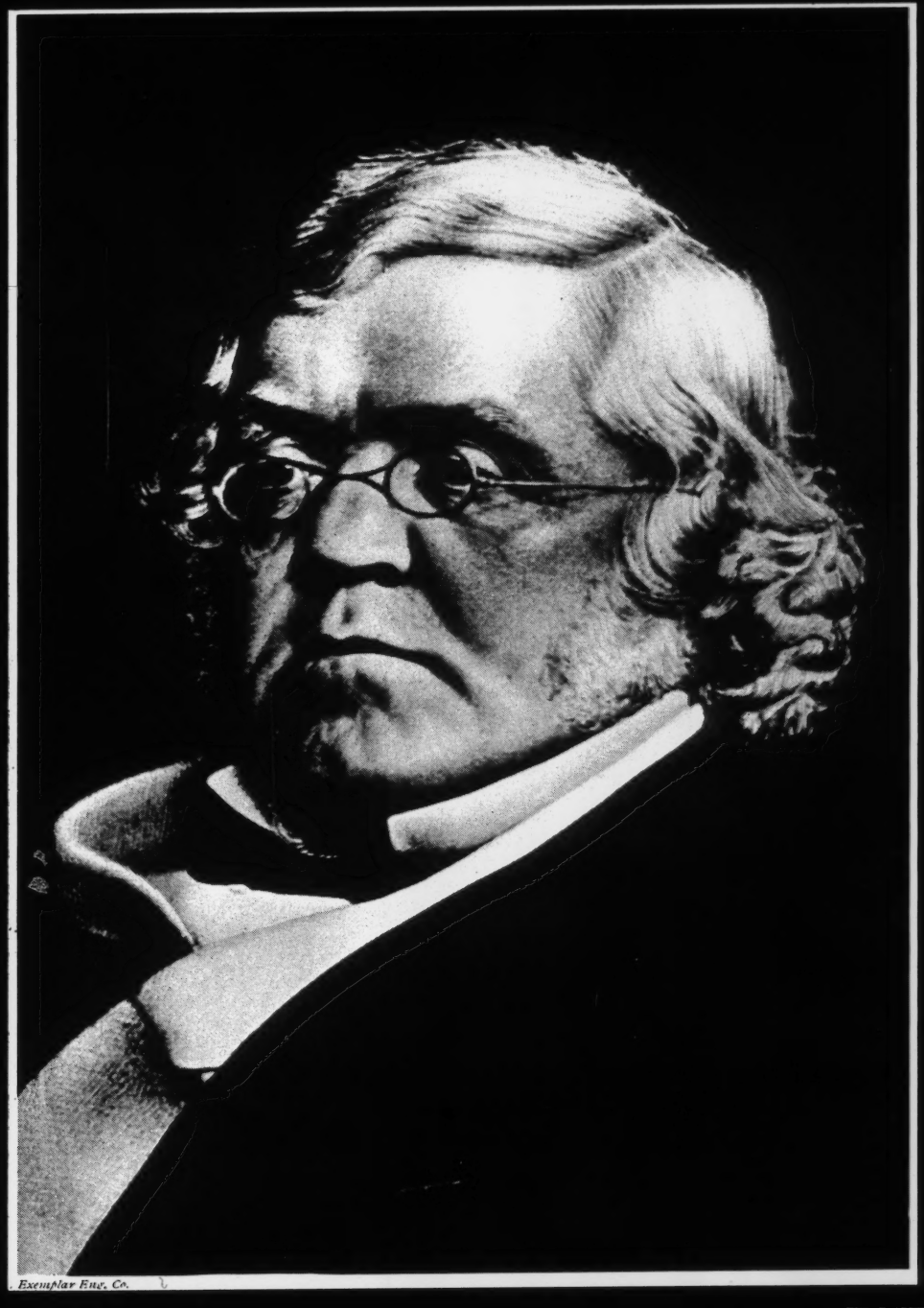


Exemplar Engr. Co.

The Reader.

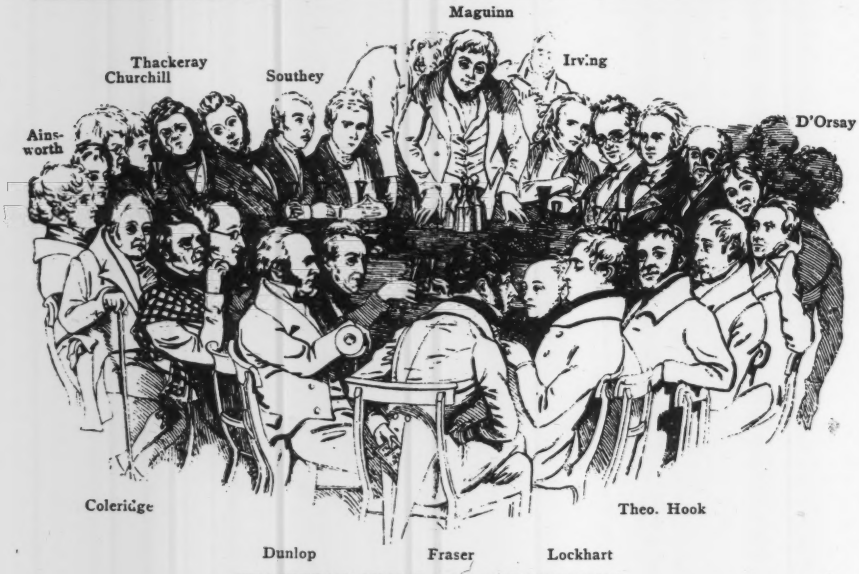
THACKERAY.

By G. K. Chesterton.

AMID all the eulogies and all the slanders that are lavished upon the English character, very few people would appear to take any real trouble to obtain a sincere view of it. Rhetorical phrases about its inarticulate strength and nobility do not commonly bring us very much further, for it may be questioned whether it is good for a people excitedly to articulate their own inarticulate disposition. But, when all is said and done, it may truly be said that among all the national temperaments the English is pre-eminently simple and profoundly well-meaning. This well-meaningness combined with this simplicity is responsible for every one of its crimes, and it is the basis of its real and indestructible magnificence. But this union of moral soundness with mental innocence is responsible also for a certain tendency noticeable in all English life and character: the tendency to get hold of the truth, but to get hold of it falsely; to grasp the fact, but to grasp it somehow by the wrong end. A hundred instances might be given of this. To take a random example. I was taught at my mother's knee, in the intervals of hymns and childish ballads, that Germans smoked bad cigars. I see now that this is true, and yet unfathomably false; that is to say, there are, if you choose to put it in that way, more bad cigars smoked in Germany than in England, but that is only because, tobacco being cheaper, more cigars of every kind are smoked. It is as if a Hindoo peasant, who had never seen a jewel in his life, were to say that England was a land of false diamonds. In India only the rulers have such things at all; in the Strand anyone may have them; and similarly the cigar is in England merely a badge of luxury, while abroad it is often a common possession, like a pipe. In this mere casual instance we have the constant English attitude: the strong and even humble curiosity which does really know something about foreign nations, but along with it that strange tendency to put the true thing the wrong way round, to seize on the unimportant side of the matter first. It is just as if a foreign critic of England — instead of knowing nothing at all about us, as is usually the case — were to grasp the fact that the most luxurious English people went fox-hunting, and then explain it by saying that these Sybarites had one weird hatred, a venomous hatred of foxes. Such a man would have got the facts right and the truth wrong; and such is our constant national condition with regard to foreign ideas. But there is an even more curious example of it than this, and that is the fact that even in our own discussions, and in the matter of the great reputations of our own country, we exhibit this same singular tendency to catch hold of truth only by the tail or the hind leg. Our judgments—that is, our current and conventional

W. M. THACKERAY.

From a hitherto unpublished portrait painted by Frank Stone, A.R.A., in 1836, that is, about the time of Thackeray's marriage with Miss Shawe. This portrait, which has never been engraved, is in the possession of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who has very kindly permitted us to reproduce it.



THACKERAY AMONG THE "FRASERIANS."

Drawn by Daniel Maclise, 1835.

"In Maclise's celebrated cartoon of the Fraser writers at the frequent banquets that were held at 212, Regent Street Thackeray appears a young man not in the foremost rank, and he is between Churchill and Percival Bankes, and appears to be eyeing Jordan and Lockhart, who are taking wine together, in sublime unmindfulness of editor Maguinn, who is 'on his legs.' Indeed it is remarkable that not one among all this 'Best of all Good Company' is paying the least attention to the chairman. . . . In this company Thackeray first gained distinction as a writer."—W. B. Jerrold.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

judgments—on our great men of genius have a singular disposition to begin in enormous letters with the unimportant defect, and miss in comparison the great merit out of which that defect arises. Thus, for instance, Englishmen have wearied themselves with asserting that Dickens was vulgar and could not describe a gentleman. Dickens could not describe a gentleman, but he was never vulgar except when he attempted that snobbish and unworthy enterprise. Most men do become vulgar when they describe those who are called vulgar people; and it is precisely here that Dickens was never vulgar—there is no trace of vulgarity about Silas Wegg or Dick Swiveller. The supreme function of Dickens in the universe was to point out that robust and humorous common life is not vulgar, cannot in its nature be vulgar, and the only thing that his countrymen can see about him is that he could not describe a member of the upper classes. We might as well say that Michael Angelo never really painted a chartered accountant. Here again our sincere people have got to the wrong end of the telescope. But of all these examples there is none more perfect and more amusing than the fashion which called Thackeray a cynic. He was a cynic, if the critics will, in the same sense that Leonardo da Vinci was a chemist or Mr. Chamberlain a horticulturalist. But the cynic in him was not merely subordinate to his other characteristics; it was the mere product—nay, the bi-product—of them. His cynicism was a minor result, a thing left over by his triumphant tendency to sentiment.

W. M. THACKERAY.

From a Drawing by Daniel Maclise about 1840.

In 1832 and 1833 Maclise made two beautiful drawings of Thackeray from life, depicting him as a fashionably-dressed young man, seated in a négligé attitude, displaying a massive eyeglass. These drawings are now in the Garrick Club (the "G," as the novelist always termed it). Some years later the same artist made another delicately pencilled sketch, which Thackeray himself very skilfully copied.

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

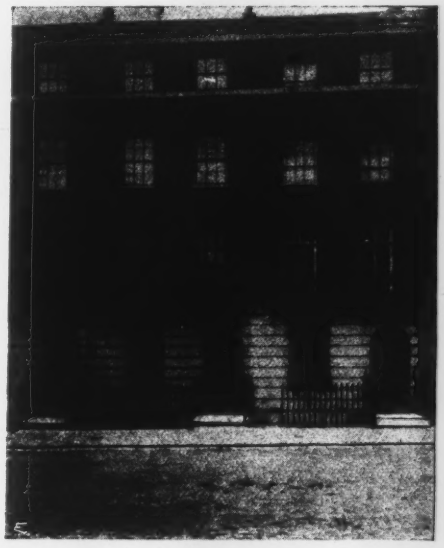
Thackeray, from the beginning of his life until the end, consistently and seriously preached a gospel. His gospel, like all deep and genuine ones, may be hard to sum up in a phrase, but if we wished so to sum it up we could hardly express it better than by saying that it was the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of fools. He believed as profoundly as St. Paul that in the ultimate realm of essential values God made the foolish things of the earth to confound the wise. He looked out with lucent and terrible eyes upon the world with all its pageants and achievements; he saw men of action, he saw men of genius, he saw heroes; and amid men of action, men of genius, and heroes he saw with absolute sincerity only one thing worth being—a gentleman. And when we understand what he meant by the phrase, the absolute sufficiency of a limpid kindliness, of an obvious and dignified humility, of a softness for noble memories and a readiness for any minute self-sacrifice, we may, without any affected paradox, but rather with serious respect, sum up Thackeray's view of life by saying that amid all the heroes and geniuses he saw only one thing worth being—a fool.

The real falsehood—if there be a falsehood—of Thackeray's view of the world was, in fact, the very opposite of that cynicism and worldliness once attributed to him. In so far as he did misrepresent life, it was rather

in the direction of showing too much bold disdain of Vanity Fair and too much absolute faith in the saints, his unworldly women and his easily swindled gentlemen. He permitted this pietism of his to blind him to the vivid atrocities of the character of *Helen Pendennis*, supposing that her having lived all her life in a country homestead was some kind of preventive against cruelty and paganism and heathen pride. Thackeray is, if anything, too much on the side of the angels. He was a monk who rushed out of his monastery to cry out against a gaudy masquerade that was roaring around it, and ever since his monk's frock has been mistaken for one of the masquerade dresses and applauded as the best joke in the whole fancy dress ball.

There are, of course, exceptions, or what may appear to be exceptions, to such a generalisation. So deep and genuine was Thackeray's insight into the normal human spirit that he detected this element of idealism where it might least be expected. The character of *Major Pendennis*, for instance, is simply a great lighthouse or beacon tower, not merely of social satire, but of eternal ethical philosophy. In Major Pendennis, consciously or unconsciously, is traced the valuable truth that almost every man is, by the nature of things, an idealist. To go to great houses, to wear the latest and yet the most dignified attire, to know the right people, to do and say at every instant the thing which is most perfectly and exquisitely ordinary, this is a principle of life against which a sane man might have a great deal to say; but one thing he could not say, he could not say that it is materialistic. One moral merit it has: at least it is totally useless. A place in Society is not something to drink; an invitation card from Lord Steyne is not something to eat. Poor old Pendennis did not sleep softer in his incomparable clothing; he was a poor man, lonely and constantly troubled. Nothing supported him but his own monstrous and insane religion. He was, as it were, a glorious heretic, a martyr to false gods; and nothing sadder or more honourable has ever been conceived in fiction than that scene in the end of "Pendennis," in which the old man, having, with a valour and energy that stirs us like a cavalry charge, defeated all machinations that would have robbed his nephew of name and fame, suddenly finds the nephew himself ready to fling down the whole laborious edifice in the name of an unintelligible scruple. "And Shakespeare was right, and Cardinal Wolsey, begad, If I had served my God as I've served you——" It has the pathos of the meeting of two

THE HOMES OF THACKERAY.



HOUSE AT NO. 18, ALBION STREET, HYDE PARK,

where Thackeray lived in 1834, when he commenced to contribute to *Fraser's Magazine*.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

Thackeray returned to England from Paris in 1834, when his work as correspondent of the *Constitutional* lapsed, owing to the newspaper ceasing to exist, and he then settled for a time at No. 18, Albion Street, Hyde Park, the residence of his mother. It was here that his eldest daughter, Anne Isabella Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie) was born.

THACKERAY'S RESIDENCE AT NO. 13, GREAT CORAM STREET, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, from 1837 to 1840,

where "The Paris Sketch Book" was written.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

In 1837 Thackeray moved to No. 13, Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, where he remained for about four years. It was here that his younger daughter, afterwards Mrs. Leslie Stephen, was born.

THACKERAY'S HOME, from 1846 to 1853, at 13 (now 16), YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON,

where "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Esmond" were written.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

When passing this house with his friend Mr. J. T. Fields, the American publisher, Thackeray exclaimed, "Go down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned, and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself."

It was whilst residing in Young Street that Thackeray delivered his famous lectures on the English Humourists at Willis's Rooms.

faiths; the good Moslem staring at the good Crusader.

This was the greatness of Thackeray, the man whom sentimentalists without hearts or stomachs have conceived as a mere satirist, that he felt, perhaps, more fully and heavily than any other Englishman the immeasurable and almost unbearable emotion that is involved in the mere fact of human life. Dickens, with his indestructible vanity and boyishness, is always looking forward. Thackeray is always looking back in life. And no man will ever properly comprehend him until he has reached for a moment that state of the soul in which melancholy is the greatest of all the joys.

THE CHARACTERS AND PLACES OF THACKERAY'S BOOKS.

By Lewis Melville.

"SINCE the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to the utmost of his power a MAN. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art. Many ladies have remonstrated and subscribers left me, because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation. My object was to say, that he had the passions to feel, and the manliness and generosity to overcome them. You will not hear—it is best to know it — what moves in the real world, what passes in society, in the clubs, colleges, mess-rooms,—what is the life and talk of your sons. A little more frankness than is customary has been attempted in this story; with no bad desire on the writer's part, it is hoped, and with no ill-consequence to any reader. If truth is not always pleasant, at any rate truth is best, from whatever chair—from those whence graver writers or thinkers argue, as from that at which the story-teller sits as he concludes his labour, and bids his kind reader farewell." So runs a passage in the preface to "Pendennis."

"If truth is not always pleasant, at any rate truth is best." There, in a sentence, is the secret underlying all Thackeray's work. The novelist is inclined to portray the men and women of fiction rather than the men and

(May.)

No. VII. PRICE 1s.

THE HISTORY

OF

PENDENNIS.

HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES,
HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Vanity Fair," the "Snob Papers" in PUNCH, &c. &c.

LONDON. BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; T. MURRAY, GLASGOW; AND J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

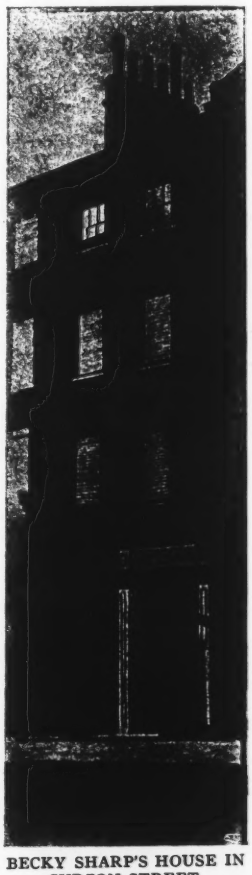
Bradbury & Evans.) 1849 (Printers, Whitefriars.

THE COVER OF "PENDENNIS."

From a Drawing by Thackeray.

It was at Spa that Thackeray began "Pendennis," the first instalment of which was published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans in November, 1848. In September, 1849, the work came to a sudden standstill, owing to the serious illness of Thackeray. It was continued, however, in January, 1850.

(Reproduced from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)



BECKY SHARP'S HOUSE IN CURZON STREET.

"No character of history or fiction has lent more interest to Mayfair than Becky, to which neighbourhood she came with her husband some two or three years after their return from Paris, establishing herself in a very small, comfortable house in Curzon Street, and demonstrating to the world the useful and interesting art of living on nothing a year."—"Thackeray's London," by W. H. Rideing.

(Reproduced from the *Century Magazine.*)

THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE.

From a Drawing by Thackeray.

Suppressed in the second edition of "Vanity Fair."

There can be no possible doubt that so far as Thackeray's letterpress is concerned, the prototype of the Marquis of Steyne (Lord of the Powder Closet, etc., etc.) was Francis Charles Seymour Conway (third Marquis of Hertford), of his branch . . . . and as regards the suppressed woodcut, there will, I think, be little question that Thackeray the artist dotted his *i*'s by an intentional representation of the noble Lord's not altogether attractive features.—George Somes Layard.

(Reproduced from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

women of life. This fault of his weaker brethren of the quill Thackeray avoided. His characters are always human. There are no immaculate heroes, no perfect heroines, no utterly unredeemed scoundrels of either sex to be met with in the pages of his books. He conceived it a duty to describe the world as he saw it, and he drew the men and women he knew. If he has nowhere joined pure goodness to pure intelligence, if he has not bestowed on any woman the humour of Becky Sharp *and* the simplicity of Amelia Sedley, it is because he had never met this union of forces in life. To have described the unreal and passed it off as the real would have been an offence against the pen which was able to boast:

"Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

"I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience

BECKY SHARP AND JOS. SEDLEY.

From a Drawing by Chris Hammond.

"And before he had time to ask how, Mr. Joseph Sedley, of the East India Company's service, was actually seated *tête-à-tête* with a young lady, looking at her with a most killing expression; his arms stretched out before her in an imploring attitude, and his hands bound in a web of green silk, which she was unwinding."

(Reproduced from "Vanity Fair," by kind permission of Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)

W. M. THACKERAY.

From the Painting by Samuel Laurence in the National Portrait Gallery.

A replica of this painting was presented by Thackeray to Sir Frederick Pollock, and remained for many years in the possession of the Dowager Lady Pollock.

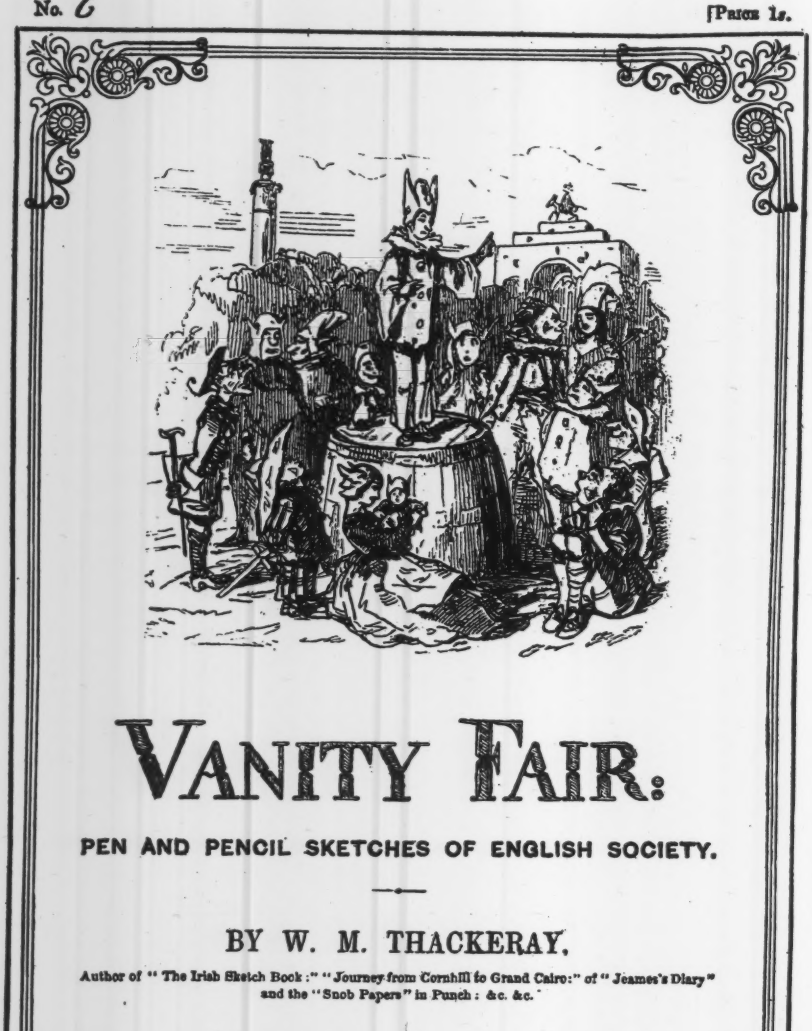
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that faults must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that Love reigns supreme over all." There is Thackeray's confession of literary faith.

"My object is not to make a perfect character or anything like it," he wrote to his mother when "Vanity Fair" was appearing in monthly parts. "Our friend is not Amadis or Sir Charles Grandison," he wrote of Philip Firmin, "and I don't for a moment set him up as a person to be revered or imitated, but try to draw him faithfully as Nature made him."

The late Anthony Trollope stigmatised Thackeray as an unmethodical writer. Certainly the great man, as author, bound himself by no hard and fast rules. His plan was to create mentally two or three of his chief characters and

write from page to page, with only a general notion of the course he would be taking a few chapters later. But then to compensate for the lack of method he lived with his characters, shared their joys and sorrows, and spoke of them as if they were real creatures of flesh and blood. "Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs. Pendennis and her son Arthur Pendennis," he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield from Brighton in 1849, "I got up very early again this morning. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder if he is interesting to me from selfish reasons, and because I fancy we resemble each other in many parts." "I wonder what will happen to Pendennis and Fanny Bolton," he remarked in another letter to the same correspondent; "writing and sending it to you, somehow it seems as if it were true." Mrs. Ritchie remembers entering her father's study one morning about two years later and being motioned away, and how, an hour later, he went to the school-room and, half-laughing, half-ashamed, said: "I do not know what James can have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis's death."


No. 6
[PRICE 1s.
VANITY FAIR.
PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.
BY W. M. THACKERAY,
Author of "The Irish Sketch Book:" "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo:" of "Jeames's Diary" and the "Snob Papers" in Punch: &c. &c.
LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; J. M'LEOD, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.
1848.

[Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

THE COVER OF "VANITY FAIR."

After numerous journeys to various publishers' houses, "Vanity Fair" at last made its appearance in yellow covers, being brought out in parts by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans on the 1st of January, 1847. People in 1847 were accustomed to buy their fiction in green-covered monthly parts, which overflowed with exaggerated humour and extravagant pathos; or in pink-covered numbers, containing brilliantly inaccurate and thoroughly enjoyable descriptions of Irish or army life; and, not unnaturally, they did not at first take kindly to the less exciting, though far more intellectual and artistic, sketches of English Society, that were offered in the yellow wrappers. Yet even during the time of the greatest success of "Vanity Fair," only about six thousand copies of a number were sold, while the circulation of the parts of Dickens's novels was frequently as much as twenty or twenty-five thousand."

(Reproduced from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

"I don't control my characters," he asserted one day. "I am in their hands, and they take me where they please." And when a friend remonmonstrated with him for having made Esmond marry "his mother-in-law," he only replied: "*I* didn't make him do it; they did it themselves." It may be because the characters were so real to the creator that they live in the memory of the reader. If Thackeray was the first to shed tears over the death of Helen, certainly he has not been the last. Who can read with dry eyes of the reconciliation of mother and son at the death-bed? "As they were talking the clock struck nine, and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bed-room at that hour and hear him say Our Father. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humble men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed around him, and together they repeated the words 'for ever and ever' and 'Amen.'"

Readers of Thackeray's works must have noticed how frequently the characters reappear in tales other than that in which they are first introduced. Reference is made to them and to their doings in book after book, until we feel that we know them personally. Thackeray loved to reintroduce his old friends, and it was his intention—frustrated by an all too early death—to write a novel of the times of Henry V., in which the ancestors of his Pendennises and Warringtons should have foregathered. A long and fascinating article might be written tracing the

SIR PITT CRAWLEY AND BECKY SHARP.

From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"The old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.
"Rebecca started back a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind; but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.
"'Oh, Sir Pitt!' she said. 'Oh, sir—I—I'm *married already!*'"

(Reproduced from "Vanity Fair," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

subsequent careers of the characters from the glances we obtain of them at odd moments.

How many novelists are there who have such a gallery of characters as can be collected from Thackeray's books? What admirable realism! What marvellous insight into the natures of men and women!

In his earlier years, however, he was too bitter, and his stories contain far too many scoundrels. "I don't know where I get all these rascals for my books," he said apologetically; "I have certainly never lived with such people." "The Yellowplush Memoirs" do not contain a single man or woman we should like to meet. Yellowplush is a scamp; Dawkins is silly and snobbish; Blewitt, the card-sharper, is a bully and a fool; Lady Griffin is not pleasant, and though she is ill-treated, her revenge is too cruel; the Earl of Crabs—the creation of a master hand—is a terrible man, whose sense of humour only makes him more dangerous; and Deuceace himself, cardsharper, swindler, fortune-hunter. . . yet with such a father what was he to become? The foolish Mathilda demands some pity; for at least she is loyal to the man who married her only because he thought she had money: "My Lord, my place is with him."

Who will record the unwritten chapters of the life of the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace? There is plenty of material, if not for authentic history, at least for legitimate speculation. It is known that at Lord Bagwig's the Honourable Algie won from young Tom Rook the sum of thirty pounds; that with his friend Mr. Ringwood (who, with the invaluable assistance of his hostess, trapped the commercial traveller, Pogson, into the signing of bills for huge amounts at the house of Madame la Baronne de Florval-Delval, *née* de Melval-Norval) he won heavily at the card-table from Mr. Vanjohn; and that with Blundell-Blundell (who was up at Oxford with Arthur Pendennis) he contrived to swindle Colonel Altamont. Then there is the paragraph in "Galignani's Messenger," quoted in the last chapter of "A Shabby Genteel Story": "Married at the British Embassy, by Bishop Luxcombe, Andrew Fitch, Esq., to Marianne Caroline Matilda, widow of the late Antony Carrickfergus, of Lombard Street, and Gloucester Place, Esquire. . . . Miss Runt officiated as bridesmaid; and we remarked among the company Earl and Countess Crabs, General Sir Rice Curry, K.C.B., Colonel Wapshot, Sir Charles Swang, the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and his lady, Count Punter, and others of the *élite* of the fashionables now in Paris. The bride-

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"As I live, it's the great Hoggarty Diamond"

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

From a Drawing by Hugh Thomson.

"'Do, my Lady, look at it. The thing is of Irish manufacture, bears the stamp of '95, and will recall, perhaps, the times of your ladyship's earliest youth.'
"'Get ye out, Mr. Polonius!' said the old lady, a little weazen-faced old lady, with her face puckered up in a million of wrinkles. . . . She put out a pair of withered, trembling hands, took up the locket, examined it for a minute, and then burst out laughing: 'As I live, it's the great Hoggarty diamond.'
"Good Heavens! what was this talisman that had come into my possession?"

(Reproduced from "The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond," by kind permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

PEN'S STAIRCASE—A FEW LITTLE BILLS.

From a Drawing by W. M. Thackeray.

"His melancholy figure might be seen shirking about the lonely quadrangles in his battered old cap and torn gown, and he who had been the pride of the university but a year before, the man whom all the young ones loved to look at, was now the object of conversation at freshmen's wine parties, and they spoke of him with wonder and awe. . . . And where in the list was Pen the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator? Ah, where was Pen, the widow's darling and sole pride? The lists came out; and a dreadful rumour rushed through the university, that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked."

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of "Pendennis," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

groom was attended by his friend Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq., and the lady was given away by the Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs. . . ." Had the Hon. Mrs. Deuceace forgiven her husband the blow in the *Bois*, with the account of which "The Amours of Mr. Deuceace" concluded? Were the younger couple reconciled to the elder? and, if so, by what means? As the author does not solve the problem, each reader must do so for himself.

"Catherine" is a satire upon the "Newgate Novels," and naturally contains a collection of jail-birds; and these, of course, are not treated as they would have been by Ainsworth or Bulwer-Lytton, but are shown in all their hideousness. "A Shabby Genteel Story" is a very fine piece of work, but its theme is unpleasant—the trapping into a mock marriage of a trusting Cinderella—and the characters objectionable: Mr. and Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty; Brandon, Tufthunt, and Cinqbars. Fitch is the one honest person, save the heroine, and he is vulgar. Tufthunt is, perhaps, the worst man Thackeray ever depicted, for Sir Francis Clavering is weak rather than vile, and Brandon—the Dr. Firmin of "Philip"—suffers from a moral sense so perverted that he cannot realise his own wickedness.

The rascal Fitz-Boodle is a humourist of the first water. His iniquity was the writing of those scandalous chronicles of his friends' private lives, "Men's Wives," which tell of the scoundrel Walker, the blackguard Boroski, and the selfish, vain, and terribly vulgar Mrs. Dennis Haggarty. The stories of "Dorothea" and "Ottilia," however, are agreeable enough. Even "Barry Lyndon," the first of the author's masterpieces, is a disagreeable story. This, indeed, Thackeray fully realised. "You need not read it," he said to his eldest daughter; "you would not like it." The villain Barry, who never realises that he is not a hero, and his foolish wife, are only in part counterbalanced by Barry's vulgar, loving mother, who goes to him in the day of his ruin and nurses him until he dies of *delirium tremens* in the nineteenth year of his residence in the Fleet prison.

After "Barry Lyndon" appeared "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Esmond," and "The Virginians," which contain so vast a number of characters that it is impossible to treat of them one by one.

"Whenever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it. Knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels," Thackeray wrote in the character sketch of "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon." It seems as if he had not quite grasped the fact that there were other things than folly and knavery to write about, and that a surfeit of rogues has an unpleasant after-effect. "Oh! for a little, manly, honest, God-relying simplicity, cheerful, affected, and humble!" he had prayed

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"He was a cynic; you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes with childlike candour lit,
In the sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

A cynic? Yes—if 'tis the cynic's part
To track the serpent's trail, with saddened eye,
To mark how good and ill divide the heart,
How lives in chequered shade and sunshine lie."
—Commemorative verses from *Punch*.

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

in one of his earliest reviews; but it was only with "Vanity Fair" that he began to *give* it.

It has been stated by more than one critic that Thackeray could not depict a good woman, and that those that were without blemish were also without any attractive qualities. Yet Helen Pendennis was a good woman, a good wife, and a good mother; and Laura Bell was clever as well as good; and certainly Ethel Newcome was not a fool; nor Theo and Kitty Lambert other than good and true women. It seems strange that while his female readers can forgive him Becky Sharp, greatest of adventuresses, can tolerate even Blanche Amory of "Mes Larmes," they cannot pardon him Amelia Sedley. There are many other admirable sketches. Mrs. Peggy O'Dowd, lion-hearted, loyal, and wise enough; the Dowager Countess of Southdown, Mrs. Bute Crawley, Miss Briggs, Miss Crawley, the lovable Catherine (the "Little Sister" of "Philip"); Miss Fotheringay and Fanny Bolton, who ensnared the affections of young Pendennis—what man has not met one or both of these?—Madame de Florac, the old lady with the beautiful face; the terrible campaigner; Mrs. Warrington, who preferred to be known as Madame Esmond; Lady Castlewood, tender, loving, unreasoning, who can rise to the dignity of a great situation: "My daughter may receive presents from the Head of our House; my daughter may thankfully take kindnesses from her father's, her mother's, her brother's dearest friend; and be grateful for one more benefit besides the thousand we owe him"; and, above all, the immortal, irresistible, wayward Trix—that contradiction in words, an ambitious woman. So alluring is Trix that it is absurd to expect any man to think that she was ever all bad. Who knows but that if Harry Esmond had been a little less sensitive of his own demerits, and had let her see him as he was, they might have married and lived as happily as most couples. But her chance of redemption passed, and Beatrix became the Madame de Bernstein of "The Virginians." Thackeray's men are no whit less successful. George Osborne and his purse-proud father; old Mr. Sedley and Jos; Sir Pitt Crawley—that most daring piece of character drawing—and his sons, Pitt and Rawdon; Pendennis and Bluebeard, as Lady Rockingham called George Warrington; little Bows, the valet Morgan; Clive Newcome and his cousin, the little bounder, Sir Barnes; the Virginians, Harry and George; and the inimitable Foker and the irrepressible Costigan. Thackeray drew gentlemen in a way that has never been excelled and rarely equalled. "They [the Kickleburys] are travelling with Mr. Bloundell, who was a gentleman once, and still retains about him some faint odour of that time of bloom." "It is true poor Plantaganet [Gaunt] is only an idiot . . . a zany, . . . and yet you see he is a gentleman." And the author makes the reader see it is so. In spite of the debaucheries and his behaviour to his family, the Marquis of Steyne is always *grand seigneur*. Esmond is a gentleman, and so is the intriguing Major Pendennis,

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, CIRCA 1853.
From a Chalk Drawing by Samuel Laurence.

Charlotte Brontë, when she first saw this portrait, exclaimed, "And there came up a lion out of Judah." Later she wrote: "My father stood for a quarter of an hour this morning examining the great man's picture. The conclusion of his survey was that he thought it a puzzling head; if he had known nothing previously of the original's character, he could not have read it in his features. I wonder at this. To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic; the mouth indicates a child-like simplicity—perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness, inconsistency—weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable."

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Half-Pay; and Florac, and Dobbin, and the little-worldly-wise Colonel Newcome. It has been said that the Colonel is too good for this world, too innocent, too ignorant, too

NO. 36, ONSLOW SQUARE, BROMPTON,

where Thackeray lived from 1853 to 1862.

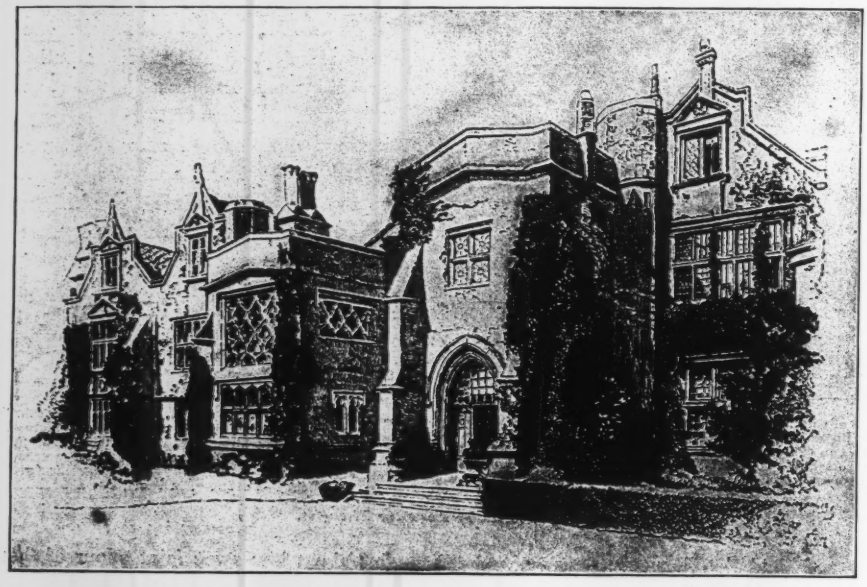
It was in 1857 that he stood unsuccessfully for Oxford City, and two years later undertook the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

"The result of my father's furnishings was a pleasant, bowery sort of home, with green curtains and carpets, looking out upon the elm trees of Onslow Square. We lived for seven years at No. 36, and it was there he wrote the 'Lectures on the Georges,' and the end of 'The Newcomes,' and the 'Virginians,' part of 'Philip,' and many of the 'Roundabout Papers.' His study was over the drawing-room, and looked out upon the elm trees."—Biographical Introduction to "The Newcomes," by Anne Ritchie.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

transparently a child of nature, yet surely the noble-hearted man is human and true. Indeed, by this one character alone Thackeray could take his place among the masters. The whole gallery of his creations places him at the head of the English novelists of the nineteenth century.

A paper dealing with Thackeray's characters may not ignore the question of the "originals." Great interest has always been taken in Thackeray's originals. Much has been written about them which is worth reading; much has also been written that is misleading. The novelist was personal sometimes, but it was seldom that he modelled a character on a man or woman of his acquaintance. He told his daughters that he never wilfully copied anyone; and there is no reason to disbelieve his statement. The Marquis of Steyne was a sublimation of half-a-dozen characters, and so were Captain Shandon and Costigan, the late Mr. George Augustus Sala wrote some twenty-five years ago; and Becky, Dobbin, Jos. Sedley, and Colonel Newcome were wholly original—from the celebrity point of view at least. Many of the people in "Esmond" are portraits of historical personages—the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Mohun, and Beatrix, for instance—but in the tales of modern life there are few characters that can be traced to any particular source. "You know you are only a piece of Amelia. My mother is another half; my poor little wife—*y est pour beaucoup*," the author wrote to Mrs. Brookfield. Edmund Yates always insisted that Wagg in "Pendennis" stood for Theodore Hook; that Lord Lonsdale was the original of Major Pendennis's noble friend Lord Colchicum; and that Bunn was the model for Dolphin, the theatrical manager. It has been said that Mr. J. M. Evans, the publisher, was portrayed in "The Kickleburys on the Rhine"; that Mr. Flam in "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" was a portrait of Abraham Hayward; that the Rev. W. H. Brookfield stood for the curate, Frank Whitestock; that Leigh Hunt was the original of Gandish in "The Newcomes"; and that the third Marquis of Hertford was the prototype of Lord Steyne. Mrs. Ritchie once saw the young lady who was supposed to have suggested Becky Sharp to her father; and Carlyle and his wife knew—and disliked—the original Blanche Amory.



CLEVEDEN COURT, SOMERSETSHIRE, THE CASTLEWOOD OF "HENRY ESMOND."

"It stood on a rising green hill, with woods behind it, in which were rooks' nests, where the birds at morning and returning home at evening made a great cawing. . . . The hall of Castlewood was built with two courts, whereof one only, the fountain-court, was now inhabited, the other having been battered down in the Cromwellian wars. In the fountain-court, still in good repair, was the great hall, near to the kitchen and butteries; a dozen of living-rooms looking to the north, and communicating with the little chapel that faced eastwards, and the buildings stretching from that to the main gate."—"Henry Esmond."

(Reproduced from *The English Illustrated Magazine*, by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Thackeray was not topographical in the sense that Dickens was. Often the briefest mention of a street satisfied him. Yet somehow the places of the principal scenes of his novels linger in the memory. As a young man he studied at Weimar, and later, while serving his apprenticeship both to art and letters, he resided from time to time at Paris. Had he never visited Germany, perhaps Amelia and Jos and Dobbin would not have gone Am Rhein, and the chapter about Becky and the Pumpernickel students would never have been written. Many of his

characters went to Paris, which had for him a strong personal interest. It was there he wooed and won his wife. It was at Paris that he wrote the autobiographical verse in the ballad which tells of the Bouillabaisse served at Terré's Tavern in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs:

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup."

"I have been to the Hotel de la Terrasse, where Becky used to live, and shall pass by Captain Osborne's lodgings," he wrote from Paris to Mrs. Brookfield. "I believe perfectly in all these people, and feel quite an interest in the inn in which they lived." It was at Brussels, in the Church of St. Gudule, the church in which he was christened, that Esmond met the inveterate intriguer, Father Holt, masquerading in a green uniform as a captain in the Bavarian Elector's service; and in the convent cemetery knelt before the cross which marked the grave of Sœur Marie Madeleine, the unhappy Lady Castlewood, who was his mother. In that same city many years later the author of "Vanity Fair," not claiming to rank among the military novelists, took his place with the non-combatants while the armies marched to the field of Waterloo, and portrayed many folk with anxious hearts awaiting news that must bring them happiness or misery. "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

But Thackeray was pre-eminently the novelist of the upper classes, and as a natural result the majority of his characters lived in the West End of London, chiefly in the area enclosed by Park Lane, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and Piccadilly, known as Mayfair. But no part of the metropolis escaped him. The Sedleys

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH,
as he appeared at Willis's Rooms in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray.
From a Sketch by John Leech.

"But Mr. Thackeray, of "Vanity Fair," announced a simple course of lectures on a purely literary subject; and for the reason that Mr. Thackeray, living entirely by his pen, was still recognised as a fine gentleman by all—and they were many—who knew him in private, so accordingly his room was filled by an audience as brilliant and fashionable, as intelligent and judicious—in fact, after the lecturer, the agreeable sight of the excellent set of people who gathered about him with such thoughtful attention, was really an attraction."—*The Month*, July, 1851.
(Reproduced from an old volume kindly supplied by Mr. W. T. Spencer, New Oxford Street, W.)

THE DUEL IN LEICESTER FIELD.
From a Drawing by George Du Maurier.

"A cry from the chairmen without, who were smoking their pipes, and leaning over the railings of the field as they watched the dim combat within, announced that some catastrophe had happened, which caused Esmond to drop his sword and look round, at which moment his enemy wounded him in the right hand. But the young man did not heed this hurt much, and ran up to the place where he saw his dear master was down.
"My lord Mohun was standing over him.
"'Are you much hurt, Frank?' he asked in a hollow voice.
"'I believe I'm a dead man,' my Lord said from the ground.
"And here my dear Lord felt in his breast for a locket he wore there, and, in the act, fell back fainting."
(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of "Henry Esmond," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

HENRY ESMOND AND DICK STEELE.
From a Drawing by Chris Hammond.

After the departure of the Countess, Dick the Scholar took Harry Esmond under his special protection, and would examine him in his humanities, and talk to him both of French and Latin, in which tongues the lad found, and his new friend was willing enough to acknowledge, that he was even more proficient than Scholar Dick.

(Reproduced from "Henry Esmond," by kind permission of Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.)

lived in Russell Square before they removed to St. Adelaide's Villas, Anna Maria Road, West, "where the houses look like baby-houses; where the people looking out of the first floor windows must infallibly, as you think, sit with their feet in the parlours; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front bloom with a perennial display of little children's pinafores, little red socks, caps, etc. (polyandria polygyria); whence you hear the sound of jingling spirits and women singing; whither of evenings you see city clerks plodding wearily . . ." Dr. Firmin practised in Old Parr Street; and Colonel Newcome and James Binnie, on their return from India, rented a house in Fitzroy Square. Bungay and Bacon carried on their business in Paternoster Row, and lived over their shops. It was to the sponging house in Cursitor Street that Rawdon Crawley was taken after the ball at Gaunt House. Among others Pendennis and Warrington lived in the Temple; while Colonel Newcome and his son, Dr. Firmin and Philip, Pendennis, young Rawdon—to name a few—were educated at the Charterhouse. "The Newcomes" immortalised that public school, and earned for the author the well-deserved title of "Carthusianus Carthusianorum." The clubs and Bohemian resorts of the day were introduced into the various stories: the visit of Colonel Newcome to the "Cave of Harmony" is not easily forgotten. In Mayfair was situated Gaunt House, and in Curzon Street near by Becky and Rawdon practised the art of living on nothing a year. It was in that house that Becky is made to admire her husband, when he gives Lord Steyne the chastisement that *ruins* her for life. "When I wrote that sentence," Thackeray remarked subsequently, "I slapped my fist on the table and said, 'That is a stroke of genius.'"

A NOTE ON THE TEXT OF SHELLEY.

By Prof. W. M. Ramsay.

THE lines 3-6 of the first stanza of Shelley's "Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples" are printed in the older editions as follows:—

> "Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
> The purple noon's transparent light,
> The breath of the moist air is light
> Around its unexpanded buds."

Dr. Richard Garnett has seen the poem in Shelley's own writing, and vouches that lines 4-5 have the form—

> "The purple noon's transparent might,
> The breath of the moist earth is light."

In the more recent editions of Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Mr. Buxton Forman this is accepted as final. The latter says

HENRY ESMOND AND BEATRIX.
From a Drawing by Chris Hammond.

"'The Duke is not alive, Beatrix,' said Esmond.
"She looked at her cousin wildly, and fell back to the wall as though shot in the breast. 'And you come here and—and—you killed him?'
"'No, thank Heaven!' her kinsman said. 'The blood of that noble heart doth not stain my sword! In its last hour it was faithful to thee, Beatrix Esmond.'"

(Reproduced from "Henry Esmond," by kind permission of James Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)

"the words *earth* and *might* rest on Mr. Garnett's authority: he has seen them in Shelley's writing, and in the absence of any second copy, they must stand." The former prints them in his text in deference to the same authority, but with evident reluctance (as appears in his note at the end of the volume). But Dr. Garnett's testimony proves only that Shelley took those readings into serious consideration, not

W. M. THACKERAY.

From a hitherto unpublished Sketch by Sir John Millais in the possession of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

"The work of Sir John Millais possesses exceptional interest, and especially may this be said of a full-length delineation by that master-hand of his famous literary contemporary. Although but a slight memory-sketch, it is very characteristic of the man, and the portraiture so very life-like and true that Sir Edgar Boehm derived from it considerable assistance when completing his excellent statuette of the novelist."—F. G. Kitton in the *Magazine of Art.*

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.)

that he finally preferred them. The evidence of Mrs. Shelley's edition, though not by any means conclusive, may be quoted to prove that, after consideration, the words "might" and "earth" were rejected by the poet. That Shelley hesitated much, and considered and reconsidered the text of these lines, is further proved by the fact that in the "Posthumous Poems" line 5 is left blank, and also that

BRICK COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

Thackeray dearly loved the Middle Temple, its dark alleys, archways, courts and back stairs, with all the associations clinging round them. He often visited Goldsmith in his chambers in Brick Court. "I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door."—*English Humourists.*

a third form is vouched for by Medwin (a somewhat doubtful authority), in which "West Wind" is substituted for "moist air." I have not access to the whole of the authorities, and especially Dr. Garnett's statement of the manuscript authority (contained in his "Relics of Shelley") is not at my disposal; but so far as the evidence accessible to me goes, it would appear that the decision must rest on considerations of suitability and poetic propriety. On these grounds I venture to plead for the view that Shelley must in the first place have written "light" and "air," then tried

W. M. THACKERAY.

In the National Portrait Gallery.

This bust is modelled in terra-cotta by Sir Edgar Boehm from the original plaster mould by Joseph Durham, A.R.A., which was presented to the Garrick Club.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

"might" and "earth," and finally recurred to the original text.

The readings "light" and "air" are evidently the first, because they are the simplest and the most natural statement of the phenomena. Shelley imagines himself (or the admirer whose fate is said to have suggested the poem) to be sitting on the sand of the Neapolitan shore; he sees the islands and the encompassing hills clothed with the bright light of noon-day (just as on the Euganean Hills at early morning he looked towards Venice and saw it "sun-girt"); and a gentle, light breath of west wind comes in moist from the sea, barely sufficient to move the flowers. This thought of a delicious soft breath of the air moving ever so gently over the earth's surface is one that Shelley frequently expressed and evidently delighted in. A few examples may be quoted:

"Too happy Earth! over thy face shall creep
The wakening vernal airs."—"Zucca," 13-14.

BARNES NEWCOME.

From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"You know the way in which the impudent little beggar stands astride, and sticks his little feet out."

(Reproduced from "The Newcomes," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

"Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth
To feed with kindliest dews its favourite flower."
—"Daemon of the World," II., 262.

"And when the pauses of the lulling air
Of noon beside the sea had made a lair
For her soothed senses."
—"Revolt of Islam," II., 27.

And often the poet imagines that the breath of the air grows more faint and ceases, but ceases in such an uncertain way that he listens expectant whether it will return, or whether he has not been mistaken in thinking that the breezes had stopped:

"While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies."
—"Lines among the Euganean Hills," 362.

"The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air."
—"The Sunset," 5.

With this first form Shelley was not fully satisfied. The rhyme "light—light" in lines 4-5 he would indeed hardly object to, for, as Mr. Swinburne says, "As to the question whether 'light' (adjective) be legitimate as a rhyme to 'light' (substantive), it may be at once dismissed. The license, if license it be, of perfection in the echo of a rhyme is forbidden only, and wrongly, by English critics." But the triple rhyme "light—light—delight" within four lines might fail to satisfy him; and he tried the substitution of "might" in l. 4. This does not really change the meaning: the might of the noon consists in its light; and the figure is not bolder than Shelley's wont. But the change does not satisfy. Mr. Rossetti confesses that he accepts it reluctantly. Mr.

COLONEL NEWCOME.

"I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners; and amongst them—amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome.
"His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the Poor Brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end!"

(Reproduced from the New Century Library Edition of "The Newcomes," by kind permission of Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons.)

CHATEAU DE BREQUERECQUE, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 1854.

From a Drawing by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

"The veteran whose achievements dwell uppermost in the memory of English sojourners at Boulogne is Colonel Newcome. Thackeray, while evolving this noble figure in his mind, dwelt in an old chateau called Brequerecque, which lies on the outskirts of the town, pleasantly nestled in trees and shrubberies, and surrounded by a wall high enough to screen it from the gaze of the profane public without."

(Reproduced from "Thackeray's Haunts and Homes," by kind permission of Messrs. Scribner's Sons and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

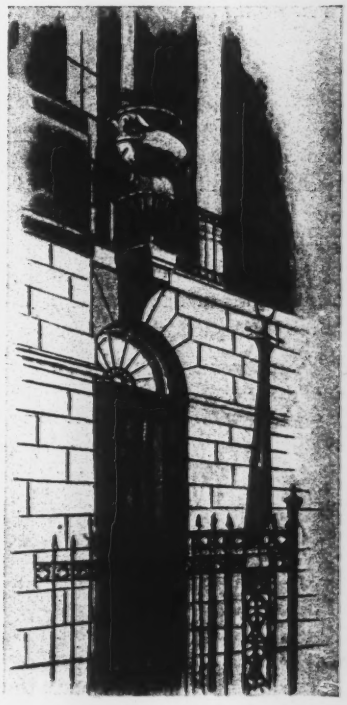
Forman also seems to have no enthusiasm for it; and he quotes Browning's preference for "light," and defence of the perfect rhyme from the Italian practice. Mr. Swinburne does not mention the point formally, but evidently dismisses "might" as wrong.

But, while we must agree with Browning's judgment, we cannot agree with the reason which he assigns for it: he says that "isles and mountains hardly 'wear'" the "might." If the figurative use of "might" is permitted, there seems no more objection to "wear" it than to "be clothed with might." The real fault perhaps lies in the inharmoniousness of the idea "might" in this passage. Everything else in the context speaks of quiet, beauty, peace, and harmony; even death will "steal upon" the solitary; but "might" conveys an idea of strength that does violence to the spirit of the poem. Even "the lightning of the noon-tide ocean" in the third stanza gives one a momentary shock of surprise, till the image is soothed and quieted by the tone that "arises from its measured motion."

Whether or not we seize the reason correctly, the fact remains that "might" does not content the mind; and we come back, as Shelley must have done, to acquiesce in the triple rhyme as the lesser evil, if evil it be. But it is an evil so slight that I for one had repeated the passage a hundred times without hearing it; and it was only through the eye, not the ear, that I observed it.

It is perhaps more difficult to decide between "earth" and "air" in line 5. The sole objection to the reading "air" is that "unexpanded buds" belong to the earth rather than to the air. But, as Mr. Swinburne says, they "might be called things of air as well as of earth without more of literal laxity or inaccuracy than Shelley allows himself elsewhere."

Hence, although it might at first sight seem to be an improvement to substitute "earth" for "air," yet this change is not fully satisfying, on longer consideration. As to the meaning, there can be little doubt. Whichever reading is adopted, the gentle sea-breeze, barely moving the atmosphere, is what the poet describes. Mr. Ellis in his "Shelley Concordance" evidently takes that view, though he accepts "earth" as the reading. There are, indeed, passages in which the "earth's breath" or some similar expression is used by Shelley, but chiefly in the sense of miasma or exhalation: thus of a marsh—



COLONEL NEWCOME'S HOUSE IN FITZROY SQUARE.

"The house is vast, but, it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since it was a ladies' school in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Madame Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall b'ack door; cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the centre of the entry and garlands, and the skulls of rams at each corner."—"The Newcomes."

(Reproduced from the *Century Magazine*.)

"Here the earth's breath is pestilence;"
—"Marenghi," 16, 1.

and similarly

"The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise;"
—"Queen Mab," IV., 153.

and a marsh meteor is

"A lurid earth-star."
—"Laon and Cythna," XI., 12, 7.

Compare the likening of "mortal thought" to an exhalation

"Steaming from earth."
—"Prologue to Hellas," 12.

It is, of course, quite in keeping with the freedom and the "infinite variety" of Shelley's outlook on nature, that "the breath of the earth" may denote the wind; but even where this is the case, there is, as a rule, some idea of cloud or mist, steam or exhalation: I take a few illustrations at random.

"save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze."
—"Prometheus," II., 2, 8.

"like joy which riseth up
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
The desert of our life."
—"Prometheus," II., 1, 11.

"from the breathing earth behind
There steams a plume-uplifting wind."
—"Prometheus," II., 2, 52-53.

A glance over the instructive and fascinating pages of Mr. Ellis's "Shelley Concordance" reveals an opposite fact. The earth, in the sense of soil or ground, is very often connected in Shelley's thought and word with death, ugliness, cold, and other repellent ideas. Take the first five quota-

W. M. THACKERAY.
From a Photograph.

"And so, in his most gracious moods—gentle to the weak and lowly, beloved of women and children, but grand and stern and silent, a mighty form crowned with a massive, snow-haired head."—W. B. Jerrold.

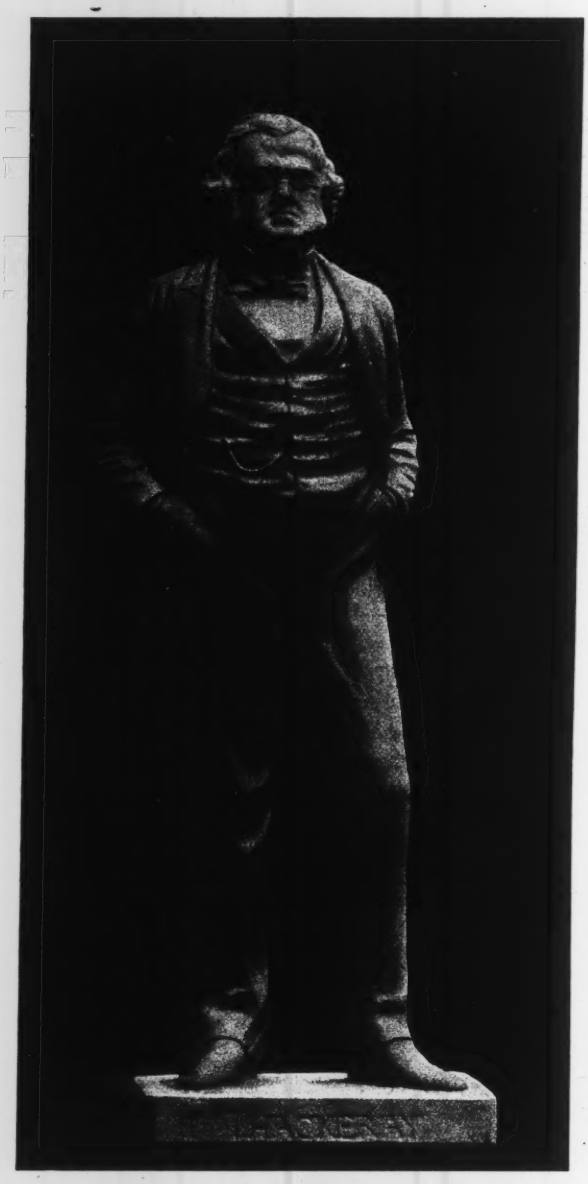
(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

tions under this heading in the "Concordance":

> Poured forth on the polluted earth:
> On the earth her deathbed:
> On the dead earth:
> But bends his gaze on the blind earth:
> Now mingling slowly with their native earth.

These bring out clearly the association in Shelley's mind. The same result is attained by an examination of the whole course of a single poem, in which a reference to soil or earth finds frequent and natural place—the description of a garden in "The Sensitive Plant." In that poem the beauty of the garden fills the first and second parts: its decay and ugliness fills the third part, which is shorter than the first two combined. In describing the beauty of a garden, there is abundant opportunity for looking at the earth or soil in its pleasing aspect; yet even in Part I. Shelley mentions that

> "each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
> Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest,"



W. M. THACKERAY.
From the statuette by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A.
In 1860, when Thackeray was in Paris, he obligingly gave two short sittings of half-an-hour's duration to Mr. (afterwards Sir Edgar) Boehm, R.A., and the eminent sculptor, even in that space of time, succeeded in all but completing one of the most successful portraits of his subject ever attempted.—F. G. Kitton in *The Magazine of Art.*
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

connecting the earth with the cold of the winter, now past and gone. This association is not expressed in the description, a few lines later, of the way in which

> "the snowdrop and then the violet
> Arose from the ground with warm rain wet."

Still less is it present in the description of the glow-worms, Part II.:

> "the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
> Like the lamps of the air when Night walks forth,
> Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth."

But, if we leave aside two references to the lawn and the grassy sod, these are the only allusions to the earth or the soil in the first two parts—with one exception, which shall be discussed later.

On the other hand, in the third part, where the horrors of the decaying garden are described, the ugliness of the soil is dilated on, and the word "earth" or a synonyme is much more frequent, as:

> "fungi with mildew and mould
> Started like mist from the wet ground cold,"

and

> "Then there steamed up a freezing dew,"

while the flowers

> "were massed into the common clay,"

or else they

> "rotted into the earth."

And then, when Winter came,

> "His breath was a chain which without a sound
> The earth and the air and the water bound."

And after this

> "the weeds, which were forms of living death,
> Fled from the frost to the earth beneath."

And when spring returned, the Sensitive Plant had died, and only

> "The mandrakes and toadstools and docks and darnels
> Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels."

The earth has now been transformed absolutely into a charnel house.

These passages, which might be greatly multiplied, show how little of pleasure and light was associated with the earth in Shelley's thought, and suggest that an allusion to the earth is not in harmony with the brightness and warmth and pleasure of nature in the stanza under discussion.

But, it may be asked, does not Shelley mean that a warm exhalation from the "moist earth" breathes round its "unexpanded buds"? A defence for this may be found in the "Sensitive Plant" I., where among the influences which

> "like ministering angels were
> For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,"

the poet mentions last of all

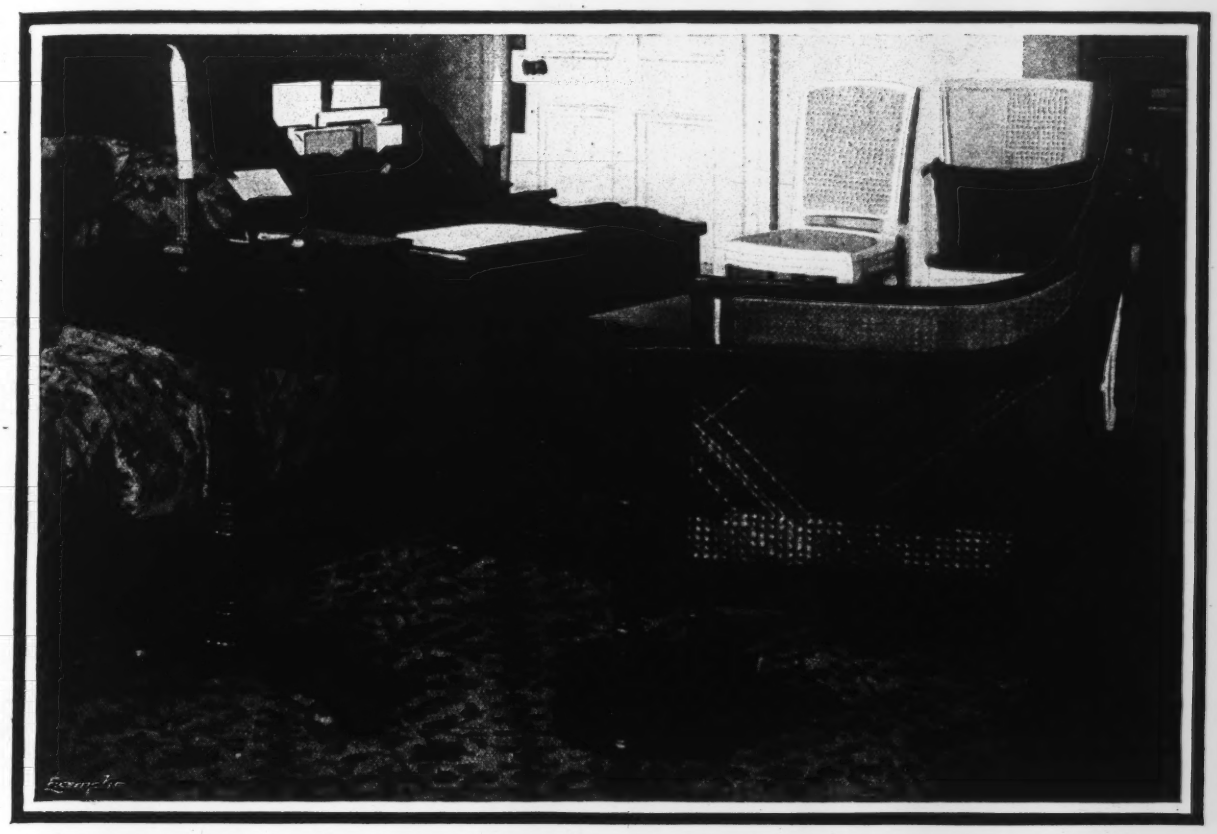
> "The quivering vapours of dim noontide
> Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide."

The parallel here, undoubtedly, seems very close. In both cases there are united the ideas of growing plants, noonday, the gentle moving of the breath or vapour, and, if the reading "earth" be adopted, the moist, warm earth.

But one is deterred from accepting this interpretation by the word "light." The vapours which nourish the Sensitive Plant are not light, but heavy, clinging close to the ground like a sea, not rising light into the atmosphere. The true parallel to the passage under discussion is found in the first of those "ministering angels" which fostered the Plant:

> "The light winds which from unsustaining wings
> Shed the music of many murmurings."

Another fact confirms us in the idea that the original reading was "air," and "earth" was a subsequent experi-



THE WRITING TABLE AND CHAIR USED BY THACKERAY AT YOUNG STREET, ONSLOW SQUARE, AND PALACE GREEN.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, *by kind permission of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.*

mental alteration. Had Shelley written "earth" at first, and meant the breath of the earth to be a name for the spring breeze, I cannot but suspect that he would have personified the earth, and spoken of "her buds."

From every point of view we are forced to the conclusion that the experiment did not satisfy the poet, and he returned to the original text, which Mrs. Shelley printed in her editions.

New Books.

MR. LANG'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

The rapid rate at which Mr. Lang can turn out his work is even more astonishing than his versatility. A professional clerk would find it difficult to keep pace with him, although he had nothing else to do than to transcribe his pages for the press. The first volume of his "History of Scotland" has been followed by the second in considerably less than three years, and during the interval he has also produced other books and articles to an extent that would probably baffle any other literary man. The present volume, which practically covers the reigns of Queen Mary and James the Sixth, runs to 575 somewhat closely printed pages, and in these pages the narrative is never spun out, but is rather compressed—sometimes severely so. Yet it is neither a resuscitation nor decoction of previous histories. Constant use has been made of the printed calendars of state papers, as well as of recent works dealing with more restricted periods or with special persons. The freshness of the book is one of its most striking features. It is always interesting and always lively, though sometimes the liveliness is rather forced. Numerous problems and numberless difficulties are courageously, though not always successfully, tackled; and sometimes unconscious ignorance is veiled by a tone of authority. An air of impartiality is attained by smiting and smoothing each of the contending parties, yet the work is far from being impartial. Prejudice, or sub-conscious bias, pervades the book, particularly in its morbid dislike of Presbytery. With all his acuteness, too, Mr. Lang can occasionally drop into an unpardonable error.

When in July, 1560, the Treaty of Edinburgh was negotiated between Monluc and Randan (the Commissioners of Francis and Mary) and Cecil and Wotton (the Commissioners of Elizabeth), the French Commissioners, in name of their sovereigns, confirmed certain articles in favour of the Scots, and *inter alia* the summoning of a Parliament. This Parliament, which duly met (and ratified the Protestant Confession of Faith, abolished the Pope's authority in Scotland, and prohibited the celebration of the mass), is declared by Mr. Lang to have been absolutely illegal. In support of his opinion he emphasises two objections to its legality, which he thinks are decisive. Firstly, he says, "It had been provided (clause ix.) that 'it shall be lawful for all those to be present at that meeting *who are in use to be present: tous ceux qui ont accoustumés de s'y trouver.*' But crowds of persons *not* 'accustomed to be there' appeared and claimed seats." It may be pointed out, however, that the quotation from clause ix. is fragmentary. The sentence runs thus: "It is agreed and concluded that the Estates shall be summoned to the ensuing Parliament according to custom, and it shall be lawful for all those to be present at that meeting who are in use to be present, without being frightened or constrained by any

* "A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation." By Andrew Lang. Vol. II. 15s. net. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

MADAM BERNSTEIN AND HARRY.

From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"She found infinite amusement in Harry's conversation. . . .

"Their talk took place in the wainscoted parlour, where the family had taken their meals in ordinary for at least two centuries past, and which, as we have said, was hung with portraits of the race.

. . . . . .

"'And the picture over me reminds you of no one, Harry?'

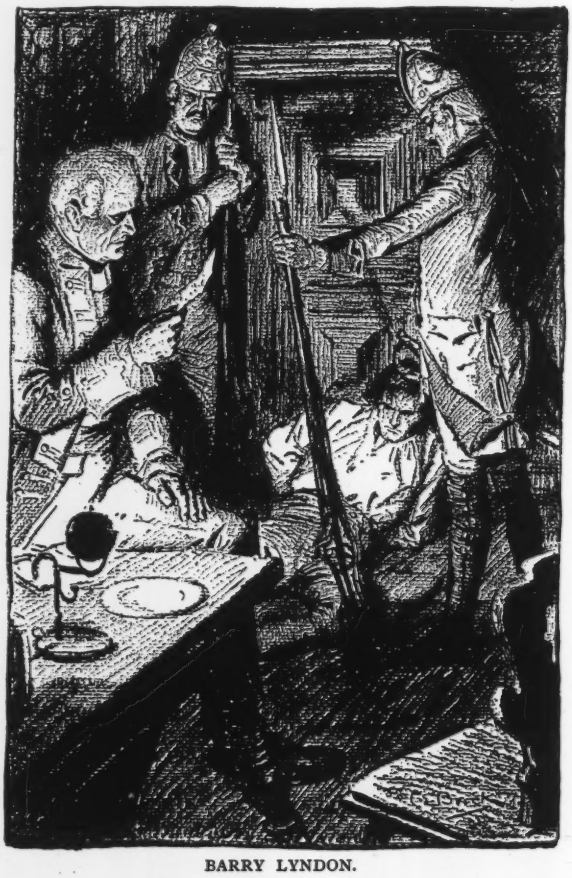
"'No, indeed.'

"'Ah! Here is a sermon!' says the lady, with a sigh. 'Harry, that was my face once—yes, it was—and then I was called Beatrix Esmond. And your mother is my half-sister, child, and she has never even mentioned my name!'"

(Reproduced from "The Virginians," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

person." The closing words furnish the key to the purport of this sentence. Monluc and Randan, no doubt, feared that the clergy of the old church might be intimidated or debarred from taking their seats, and therefore stipulated that those who were accustomed to be present should be admitted "without being frightened or constrained by any person." Here they were providing for the admission, not the exclusion, of members. After the Parliament met, the claim of the lesser barons to sit in the house was referred to the Lords of the Articles; but Mr. Lang is wrong in supposing that their claim, or right, to sit rested on an Act of James the First in 1427, or on "an ancient and an unrepealed but disused Act." In 1425-6, Parliament had ordained that as all the barons and freeholders of the King ought to give their presence in Parliament, they should henceforth do so personally, and not by procurators. The later Act of James the First to which Mr. Lang specially refers, and incorrectly quotes, was intended to relieve the small barons and free tenants from the burden of attending Parliament, provided they sent representatives from each shire; but it was inoperative; and in 1503-4 it was ordained that barons, freeholders, and vassals, who were worth less than a hundred merks of the current "extent," should not be compelled to attend Parliament personally, unless the King specially summoned them, but they were to send procurators, and those worth more than a hundred merks were to be fined if absent. So late, therefore, as the reign of James the Fourth, the small barons had an undoubted right to sit in Parliament; and consequently Mr. Lang's statement, that "it was an infringement of centuries of usage," unless they were duly elected on the plan of James the First, is simply preposterous.

His second serious objection to the legality of the Parliament of 1560 is put thus: "Between July 10 and August 1 the Treaty provided that 'the Lords Deputies' shall send envoys to Francis and Mary, reporting the permission to hold a Parliament (or Convention), 'and supplicate them most humbly that they would be pleased to agree.' Was any such deputation ever sent? Had Francis and Mary been 'pleased to agree'? . . . . Nobody had been sent by the Lords, as under Treaty, to ask for a royal commissioner. . . . Three weeks had been granted by the Treaty for the very purpose of enabling the Estates to legalise their meeting. They did not adopt the necessary means. The Arrangement of Edinburgh was torn to rags by the Estates. The Convention which established the new creed was absolutely illegal." This argument is based on the astounding blunder that the Lords-Deputies were the Scottish Lords, the Reforming Nobles, whereas they were Monluc and Randan, the Commissioners of Francis and Mary! A cursory glance at the document to which Mr. Lang refers ought to have saved him from such a blunder. The Lords-Deputies were to send a despatch to the King and Queen, advertising them of the concession, and humbly supplicating them to agree to that which had been herein accorded. It was expressly provided that all hostilities by the English and the Scotch must have terminated before Parliament could enter upon any business, but no such stipulation was made concerning the royal sanction, although Mr. Lang in his summary of the article inserts and italicises the words—"if Francis and Mary consent." The Scottish Nobles did engage that some persons of quality should be sent to Francis and Mary; but they were effectually precluded by the articles from sending them, until the three weeks of which Mr. Lang tries to make so much had expired. The persons of quality were to be chosen by the Convention, and were to carry to France the Parliament's ratification of

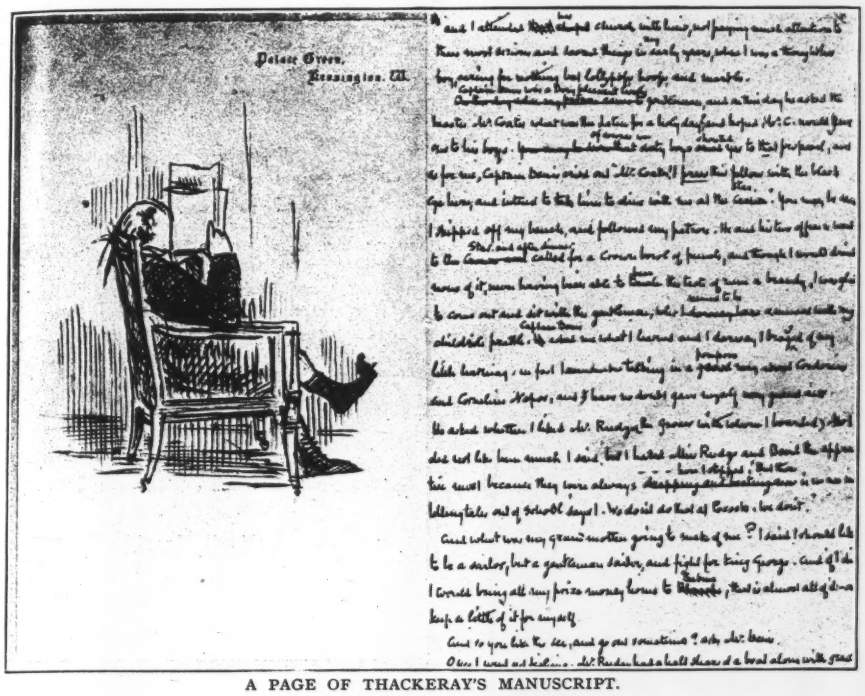


BARRY LYNDON.

From a Drawing by C. E. Brock.

"'Hound! do you mutiny?' screamed he, and, at the same time, gave me a lash across the face with the cane, which had the anticipated effect of producing a struggle. I dashed forward to grapple with him; the two sergeants flung themselves on me. I was thrown to the ground and stunned again, being hit on my former wound in the head. It was bleeding severely when I came to myself; my laced coat was already torn off my back, my purse and papers gone, and my hands tied behind my back."

(Reproduced from "Barry Lyndon," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)



A PAGE OF THACKERAY'S MANUSCRIPT.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

This manuscript is a portion of "Denis Duval," Thackeray's last work, which remained unfinished at his death. In the margin is one of his own sketches, which is now published for the first time.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.)

the articles; but the article which declared that the meeting "shall be as valid in all respects as if it had been called and appointed by the express commandment of the King and Queen" stipulated that "no matter whatsoever shall be treated of" before the 1st of August. It was impossible therefore for Parliament either to choose the messengers or to ratify the articles before that date; and so the three weeks preceding it were not "granted by the Treaty for the very purpose of enabling the Estates to legalise their meeting." When Mr. Lang thinks he has scored a good point, he likes to hark back upon it, and accordingly he refers over and over again to this Parliament as illegal.

There are differences of opinion as to whether a chapter concerning "the obediens or dysobediens that subjects owe unto ther magestrates" was omitted from the Confession of Faith when it was ratified by Parliament. Mr. Lang does not profess to settle this point, but his words clearly imply that the chapter in question is the chapter numbered xxiv. in the copy of the Confession printed in Laing's Knox. It is quite certain, however, that that chapter was not omitted from the ratification, for it occurs in the copy of the Confession embodied in the Acts of Parliament. If Mr. Lang did not believe that it had been omitted, it is difficult to see why he should refer to it so emphatically as being in Knox. He would have performed a more difficult feat had he mentioned any printed copy of the Confession which does not contain that chapter.

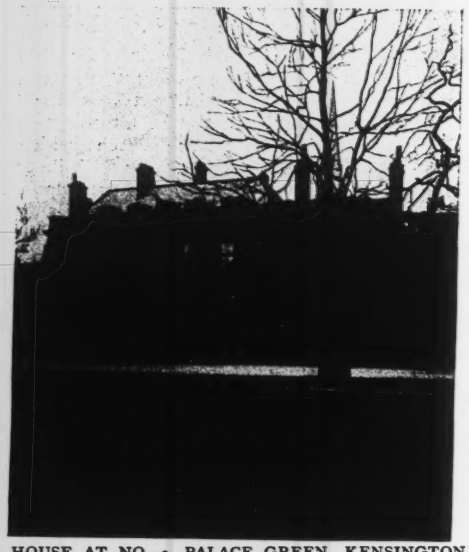
Regarding the theology of the Reformed Church, Mr. Lang asks: "Why did Scotland choose Calvinism, and so dig a new and scarcely passable gulf between herself and England, with which the Protestants desired union?" It is quite evident that he does not realise that the Articles of the Church of England are Calvinistic, and that Scottish theology did not form "a new and scarcely passable gulf" between the two churches. "The teaching of the great foreign reformers, especially Calvin and Beza," says Mr. G. G. Perry, "had completely dominated theological thought in England, and it was only by slow degrees that a re-action against it was brought about. . . . Up to nearly the close of the reign of Elizabeth the English divines were almost universally Calvinist." It was the ritual—not the theology—of the sister church which Knox vehemently disliked; but, from any standpoint, Mr. Lang does him a gross injustice when he alleges that, "Mary [Stuart] as an Anglican would have been as odious to him as a Catholic Mary." Such a statement indicates how hopelessly "far out" he is in his estimate of Knox. But this is only one of his many injustices to him. Here is another: "Mary asked him to remonstrate with her in private, if he disliked her doings, not to attack her in public. Now, what she asked was her bare right. The Book of Discipline enjoins that 'the offender ought to be privately admonished to abstain from all appearance of evil.'" It is true that the Book of Discipline enjoins private admonition; but Mr. Lang has neglected to point out that that rule only applied when the offence was secret and known to few, and was rather suspected than plainly proved; and that it did not apply when the offence was either public or heinous. In this case it was not a question of suspicion. Knox had been assured that the Queen

A POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY.

Painted by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and presented to the Garrick Club.

It depicts the novelist, with long silvery-white hair and spectacles on nose, seated at a small table on which light refreshment is displayed; in the background is introduced Stanfield's large picture of a Dutch lugger, which still adorns one of the club apartments.—F. G. Kitton in *The Magazine of Art.*

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.



THE HOUSE AT NO. 2, PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON, IN WHICH THACKERAY DIED.

From a Photo by H. N King, Avenue Road, W.

"In the year 1861 the firm of Jackson and Graham built for Thackeray the beautiful brick house at No. 2, Palace Green, Kensington, which alone of all his homes has the privileged Society of Arts oval commemorative tablet inserted in its wall, announcing that he here lived and died. An old house stood on its ground when he purchased the site; but after mature consideration he wisely gave up the notion of patching that up with additions, and instead razed the old walls and built up the new."
—"Thackeray's Haunts and Homes."

had danced excessively on learning that the persecution had begun again in France. Moreover, the passage referred to in the Book of Discipline is an explanation of the first step in what might eventually be a case of ecclesiastical discipline, and Knox did not propose to subject the Queen to that. The reproof too, such as it was, was in general terms. She was not named. One of his charges against Knox is that he was often incorrect in his dates, and that "his error helps his argument." He has blundered far more in dates than ever Knox did; and, without going beyond the points already dealt with in this review, it may be safely said that his errors—less excusable than those in dates—help his argument. These injustices are not confined to Knox. Christopher Goodman, an English preacher in Scotland, he says, urged Cecil "not to suffer the bloody bishops in England to live." Here again an important clause is omitted. As quoted by him, the advice might be supposed to refer to English bishops in general, whereas Goodman referred to "the bloody bishops and known murderers of God's people," that is, to those who had been directly responsible for the execution of the Protestants in the reign of Mary Tudor. Within the space at my disposal it is impossible to deal adequately with his treatment of the Reformed Church and the Reformers of Scotland, but that may be done elsewhere.

A few of Mr. Lang's other inaccuracies may be briefly pointed out. In speaking of the Superintendents, he says that "ten or twelve . . . . were appointed to each of the provinces"; but the fact is that it was only intended to appoint one to each province, and even that was not fully carried out. Mr. Lang blindly follows Father Pollen, in erroneously applying an apologetic clause in one of Mary's letters to the suppression of Huntly; and he is misled by Hosack in saying that Murray, before quitting Scotland, made his will, leaving Mary guardian to his infant daughter. It may be noted that he gives as his authority for the latter statement, "Morton Papers, Bannatyne Club, i. 19; Hosack i. 293." In the Morton Papers referred to, Murray's testament occurs on p. 17; but Hosack gave, as Mr. Lang now gives, p. 19; and it is dated "the secunde day of Aprile," but Hosack gave, as Mr. Lang now gives, the 3rd of April. In dealing with one of Norfolk's letters he affirms that "Norfolk says that he is betrothed to Mary." Neither the word betrothed nor its equivalent occurs in the letter. He is not always successful in attempting to correct Froude's inaccuracies. After quoting him as saying, "In common with the other Catholic noblemen, Bothwell had found his services to Mary of Guise rewarded with apparent neglect"; he adds, "but, of course, Bothwell was not a Catholic nobleman." A full year, however, after the death of Mary of Guise, Bothwell was still reckoned a staunch defender of the old church.

Those who have not read "The Gowrie Mystery" will here find its substance, very clearly put, within the compass of eight-and-twenty pages.

While Mr. Lang's book contains many beautiful passages, and not a few admirable statements, it should not, perhaps, on the whole, be regarded as a serious but rather as a smart history of Scotland. D. HAY FLEMING.

THE MAKING OF THE "MINSTRELSY" (1802-1902).*

On the last day of the year 1801, Walter Scott, a youth of thirty, penned the dedication to the first of those works which were destined to make his the most honoured name in the literary history of Scotland. No book, as he himself tells us, afforded so much pleasure in its composition. One or two smaller things, ballads and translations—with the exception, perhaps, of the "Eve of St. John," mostly failures—had pre-

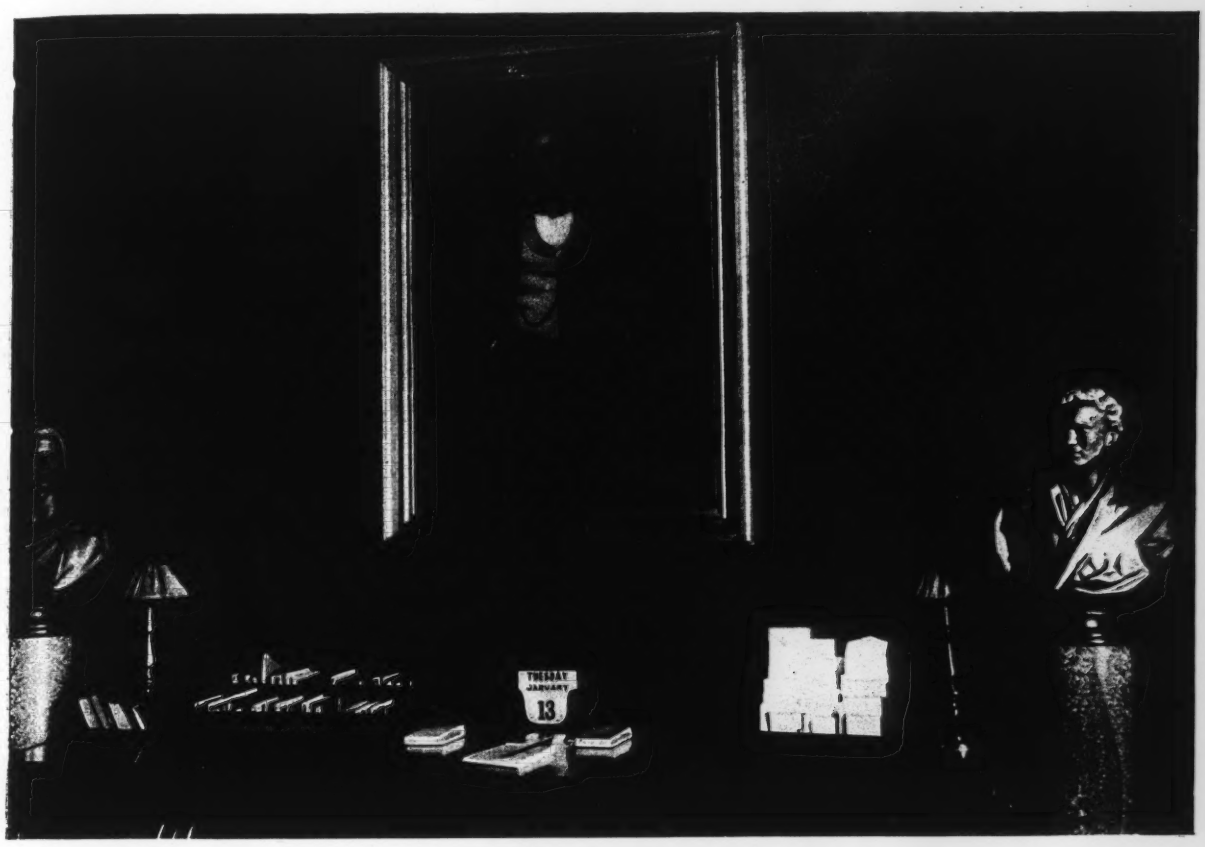
* "Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Edited by T. F. Henderson. Four volumes, 42s. net. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

PHILIP.

From a Drawing by Frederick Walker.

"He found poor Mrs. Baynes with hot tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick chamber. 'You will find General Baynes very ill, sir,' she said to Philip, with a ghastly calmness an a gaze he could scarcely face. 'It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me.' And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap."

(Reproduced from the Biographical Edition of "Philip," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)



STRANGERS' ROOM, REFORM CLUB,
showing the portrait of Thackeray by Samuel Laurence, and busts of Sir William Molesworth and Charles Buller.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

Thackeray was elected a member of the Reform Club in April, 1840, being proposed by Mr. Martin Thackeray and seconded by Mr. Henry Webbe. "To some of us, at least," wrote Sir Wemyss Reid, "the Club is endeared by the thought that he was once one of ourselves; that he sat in these chairs, dined at these tables, chatted in these rooms, and with his wise, far-seeing eyes surveyed the world from these same windows."
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Committee of the Reform Club.)

ceded. But the whole soul of Scott was turned to the "Minstrelsy," and the period of its preparation is fitly described as the period of his own "making." Sir Walter was early a balladist. The passion for poetry and romance awoke within him when a mere child, "ordered south" for the saving of his life. His going to Sandyknowe and the Border must be regarded as one of the supremely fortunate accidents of history. But for that, we may not have had the "Minstrelsy" or the more magnificent succession of "Waverley." Practically all his future lay in the wake of that early environment. And upon how many, because of him, has come the strong, subtle spell of the Border Country! Never certainly was wizardry more remarkable or more universal than Sir Walter's, and every year is a fresh proof of it. Scott's introduction to the unwritten literature of the Border, floating about chiefly in the form of song and ballad, was at Sandyknowe farm-house, close to the Tweed, and in the very heart of the land enchanted. His grandmother, Barbara Haliburton, and Janet Scott (kindest of aunts), were the child's first teachers. The earliest lessons were from their own rich stores of tradition treasured in memories singularly retentive and reverential. One thinks, too, how much he must have learned from that honest, picturesque figure immortalised in "Marmion":

> "And marvelled as the aged hind
> With some strange tale bewitched my mind."

Then we get glimpses of him at Kelso as the growing schoolboy—precocious mostly in one direction—wading through the Hendersyde bookshelves and ever ready at bargaining for the loan of many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. One of the finest pictures of Scott's Kelso life is described by himself, and it lets us see the increasing bent of his mind. That was the perusal of Percy's "Reliques" (published first in 1765), borrowed from the town library, a work which stirred his imagination to its profoundest depths, and that led him by-and-by to the making of the "Minstrelsy."

"I remember well the spot," he says, "where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden. The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of those beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

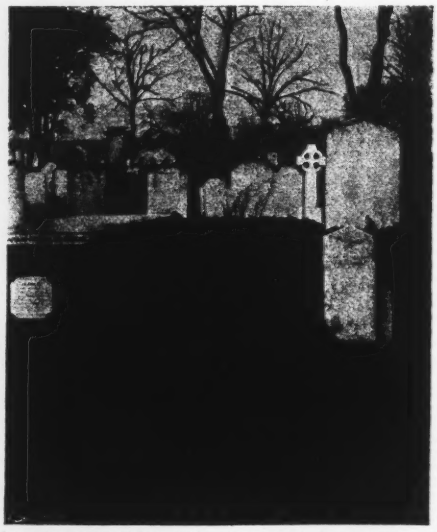
Under inspiration like that one hardly wonders that he should have cherished the wish to follow the "amiable and learned prelate" with a similar collection for Scotland, and the Scottish Border in particular. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the "Minstrelsy" was Scott's day-dream as a boy. He may not have expressed himself in so many words, but the fascination held him and haunted him all through the years of youth, and there is, indeed, ample evidence of the ambition to link his name with the legendary lore of the country as emphatically as Percy's and other delvers in the same field. Soon after being called to the Bar, he commenced the work of collecting and collating the various ballad versions which crossed his path. In company with Robert Shortreed—most genial of Sheriffs—he made an annual holiday, or "raid," as he loved to call it, into one of the lonesomest, and, at that time, most inaccessible districts of the Border. Liddesdale, the southernmost half of Roxburghshire, was practically an unknown land—"like some unkenned-of isle ayont New Holland"—as in some respects it still is, for the more central parts of the Border, at least. Saturated with the oldest-world memories, the last haunt of the balladists, a peel crumbling in

every glen, it was Scott's happy hunting-ground for no fewer than seven seasons in succession. He probably never enjoyed himself so much in his life as during these expeditions. Lockhart certainly thinks so, and humorously details some of the travellers' experiences as they passed "from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead, gathering wherever they went songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity." Shortreed's words, written years afterwards, are perhaps more expressive: "Eh me! sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he had then wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring or singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawly he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods on these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk—this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was but rare—but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman." Nor must we forget the golden days among the Yarrow and Ettrick uplands, with "dear Willie" Laidlaw at Blackhouse, and the Shepherd's mother at Ettrickside—an unrivalled repository of Border romance; or his joyous comradeship with James Hogg and John Leyden; and the continuous correspondence with authorities like Heber and Ritson (learned cabbage-eater), George Ellis, and "Monk" Lewis, Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam, Dr. "Dictionary" Jamieson, his bosom friend Morritt of Rokeby, the Rev. John Marriott, Anna Seward the "Swan of Lichfield," and a host of others, known and unknown. Wherever he could pick up some stranded stanza of the past in the chance of piecing together fragments of long-forgotten verses, he invariably put himself into touch with it. A coadjutor like Leyden, "enthused" with the spirit of Scott himself, has been known to walk between forty and fifty miles and back again for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed a trifling line or two from some ancient historical ballad. The humblest and poorest were at home in Scott's presence, and no hearts warmed more towards him than what beat beneath the ploughman's moleskin or the shepherd's plaid. He was, as still he is, the people's idol.

W. M. THACKERAY.

From a Photograph by Ernest Edwards.

He was then forty-eight years old, very gray, with much of age upon him, which had come from suffering—age shown by dislike of activity, and by an old man's way of thinking about many things, speaking as though the world were all behind him instead of before; but still with a stalwart outward bearing, very erect in his gait, and a countenance peculiarly expressive and capable of much dignity.—Anthony Trollope.



THACKERAY'S GRAVE IN KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

"The Middle Temple, of which he was a member, asked to be allowed to bury him in the Temple, where Goldsmith lies; but the offer was declined, and his mortal remains were laid at rest in the cemetery at Kensal Green, under a plain stone, bearing the simple but sufficient record:—

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY,
Born *July* 18, 1811,
Died *December* 24, 1863."

("The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by Lewis Melville.)

At length, in January, 1802, there were issued from the press of his old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, at Kelso, the first two volumes of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, consisting of historical and romantic ballads collected in the southern counties of Scotland, with a few of modern date founded upon local tradition"—the richest single collection of popular poetry that has ever been published. With an elegance and accuracy of typography surprising indeed, for a provincial establishment, the work called forth the highest praise. This first edition consisted of 800 copies, of which 50 were on large paper. By virtue of the half-profit system, Scott shared to the extent of about £80 (£100, he says elsewhere)—a sum which could never have repaid him for the actual disbursements incurred in collecting his materials. Within less than a year all the copies were disposed of, and a new edition with a third volume, printed at Edinburgh, appeared in April, 1803. "Sir Tristrem," as a kind of companion volume, followed in 1804. The Longmans secured the copyright of the "Minstrelsy" for £500, and printed up to 1820 half a dozen editions. Since then it has been chiefly incorporated in the collections of the Poetical Works, "to the extent of at least 15,000 copies more," in Lockhart's time, but now it must be nearer four times that figure. The work has been translated into several Continental languages, and is ever a prime favourite in America and the Colonies. In March, 1830, Sir Walter drew up an elaborate essay on "Popular Poetry" and another on "Imitations of the Ancient Ballad," both of which were included with much other matter in a new and revised issue, edited by Lockhart the year after Scott's death, and for the last seventy years this has remained the authoritative edition. But another, based on the issue of 1833, has just taken the field under an editor, qualified, as Motherwell said of Scott, in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice. Mr. T. F. Henderson, Mr. Henley's collaborateur in the "Centenary Burns," himself the author of a very happy handbook on "Scottish Vernacular Literature" (not, perhaps, so well known as it ought to be), and the writer also of some admirable papers on "Old-World Scotland," has quite special claims to deal with a subject so distinctly Scottish. Messrs. Blackwood have issued the work in four extremely handsome volumes, the first of

which has for frontispiece a reproduction of Sir William Allan's striking, though little known, portrait of Scott. Possibly the main objection will be in the matter of price. Nevertheless, all lovers of good print, and of elegant binding, and, above all, of careful and conscientious scholarship, will welcome this edition, which comes so appropriately in the centenary year of its publication. The merit of the edition, however, is not confined to externals. A brightly written introduction, exhibiting evidence of diligent research, and of consummate skill in the arrangement of materials, together with a large number of editorial notes, explanatory and otherwise, bring the books thoroughly up to date. Few men have a wider knowledge of the Scottish vernacular and its literature, and this is pressed into the service of nearly every ballad. Unquestionably, as Mr. Henderson points out, and as most people are now agreed, Scott "tinkered,"—from the purest motives surely,—probably the major proportion of the "Minstrelsy," over and over again; there is little difficulty in tracing the hand of the master, and possibly also Hogg, with Leyden and Laidlaw—versifiers all—shared the like work. Still, the fact remains that but for Walter Scott the ballads of the Border, or what was left of them, would have perished long ago. Their immediate authors, if they had such, have been ever undiscoverable. Most of them, no doubt, are of composite origin, and the growth of centuries. It is hardly conceivable that any of them is the work of a single laureate. The strain may, indeed, have been started by one individual, but others have carried it along the changing generations. Opinions differ on the subject. Professor Child, *the* great authority, whose recent removal has been the severest blow to the study of the ballad business, held to the traditional theory of individual authorship, whilst Mr. Andrew Lang, a singularly competent critic, leads the way for the "folk-fancy" hypothesis, relegating the ballad-spirit away back to immemorial antiquity, to the cradle of the human race itself, to the common stock whence all the popular poetry of the world, so strangely allied, seems to have sprung. It is unnecessary to recall the old favourites of Scott's collection, with whose titles and themes there is a more or less familiarity. All are here in the volumes before us, and assuredly they could not be read or studied under better conditions. It will be long before this issue of the "Minstrelsy" gives place to another. Henderson's will be the copy cherished by most students of the subject, and even Scott himself could not have desired a worthier.

W. S. CROCKETT.

Thackeray. Jerrold.

DRAWING FROM *PUNCH*: AUTHORS' MISERIES, NO. 6.

Old Gentleman, Miss Wiggets, Two Authors.

Old Gentleman: "I am so sorry to see you occupied, my dear Miss Wiggets, with that trivial paper, *Punch*. A railway is not a place, in my opinion, for jokes. I never joke—never."

Miss W.: "So I should think, sir."

Old Gentleman: "And besides, are you aware who are the conductors of that paper, and that they are Chartists, Deists, Atheists, Anarchists, to a man? I have it from the best authority, that they meet together once a week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous print. The chief part of their income is derived from threatening letters, which they send to the nobility and gentry. The principal writer is a returned convict. Two have been tried at the Old Bailey; and as for their artist—as for their artist. . . ."

Guard: "Swin-dun! Station!" [Exeunt two Authors.

(Reproduced from Lewis Melville's "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE.*

The most recently issued "Period" of European literature is the "Mid-Eighteenth Century" (1714—1778), from the pen of Mr. J. H. Millar; the work thus coincides almost exactly with the literary career of Voltaire. It also coincides almost exactly with the life of John Wesley, a name which hardly appears to be mentioned in the book. The author's plan seems to have been to intertwine the French and English literature of the period. Le Sage and Marivaux with Smollett and Richardson, Thomson and Goldsmith with Delille and Gresset, Sedaine with Sheridan, Walpole and Chesterfield with La Harpe and Marmontel, and Rollin and Turgot with Robertson and Smith. The North, South, and East of Europe are relegated in this volume to a single chapter which is little more than a postscript. Gottsched, it is true, has a page to himself, and his opponents another. But Wieland is dismissed in well under thirty lines, and the illustrious Klopstock fares little if at all better. Such a summary treatment of these ubiquitous and ineffable old bores, gave us a heightened opinion of Mr. Millar's impartiality and judgment. In the forefront of the Italian literature of the period are placed Muratori and Beccaria, neither of them great giants on Parnassus, though they have perhaps more flesh and blood at the present day than either Parini, Metastasio, or even Goldoni. A slightly burlesque touch is given to the scaffolding of Scandinavian talent, when we are told that even the "trumpet-tongued" Klopstock could not hold his own against Christian Braumann Tullin. "But even Tullin yields in importance to Johannes Ewald," and also to J. H. Wessel, who killed the French classical drama at a stroke in a piece called "Love without Stockings." These remarks would be illusory if they led the reader to expect very much from this hop-skip-and-jump over whatever literature dwelt in Europe behind the Rhine frontier during the mid-eighteenth century. We turn gladly from these conventional gymnastics, which are prescribed by the exigences of the series, to the distinctive qualities of a volume which will be found, we think, to possess a sterling merit of its own. The space allotted to Voltaire does not appear to us to be in the least exaggerated. The practical benevolence of Voltaire's character is hardly, we think, estimated at its true worth, nor are we led fully to understand the extent to which, as it seems to us, the intelligence of the great Frenchman is still an illuminant, even to the remotest and obscurest corners of the earth. The fallacy of Voltaire's historical perspective is well shown up, and the extent to which the History of the Neapolitan Vico might have served as a corrective is admirably illustrated. Diabolically clever though he was, Voltaire does not lay claim to the omniscience which this series claims, not only for its writers, but also for its readers. We gratefully admit, however, that Mr. Millar probably offends less in this respect than any other collaborator in these epochs. We demur rather to such statements as that "we have all heard how Rousseau acclimatised the *génie du nord*." But the contrast of Rousseau's point of view and influence to that of the encyclopædists is most excellently put. The resounding phrases in which predatory designs are commonly wrapped up, are still mostly woven after Rousseau's pattern. "The Encyclopædists ignored

* "The Mid-Eighteenth Century." By J. H. Millar. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

some of the most vital ingredients in human nature, and indeed denied their very existence. Rousseau instinctively grasped their importance, but failed to see that in juggling with them he was handling the most dangerous of combustibles." Why the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Emile," by far the most influential novels of the period, should "fall to be fully considered in the succeeding volume," a volume which commences only about twenty years after their appearance, is one of those mysteries which pass the ordinary understanding. Similarly we cannot find a word about Fontenelle, though he lived on until 1757, being then, it is true, in his hundredth year. By such omissions as these the period appears to be docked at both ends. The notes on the French historians are very suggestive, but it is surely not correct to describe Rollin as the pioneer of educational system in France. If so, France must have been about six generations behind her rude insular neighbour. The details given in connection with Condillac are not strictly accurate. A more serious historical slip is that of describing Louis XV. as the grandson, instead of the great-grandson, of the Grand Monarque. But slips are, as far as we are able to judge, few and far between. The style is lucid, and the reader who embarks upon these pages will be led on by the continuous interest of the matter, and delighted by the skill with which multiple detail is handled, and cumbrous material packed into the smallest possible space. Nothing has pleased us more in the book than the importance so justly ascribed to Vauvenargues. A "disappointed but indomitable man," Vauvenargues died at the early age of thirty-two, in 1747. That such a young man should have left such a body of Maxims, as those bequeathed to posterity by Vauvenargues, is one of the marvels of literature. They appeal less to the head and more to the heart than those of La Rochefoucauld. Yet in their own way they are inimitable, and in the whole literature of aphorism there is no more interesting chapter than Voltaire's commentaries upon the original Maxims of a man whom he honoured himself by befriending,—Luc de Clapiers, Marquis de Vauvenargues.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A WOMAN DIPLOMATIST.*

The character of the Princess Lieven is extremely interesting. Great boldness and power of dissimulation, united with a feminine capacity for seeing only one side of a question, made this fair diplomatist an awkward thorn in the side of successive British ministries. Wife to the Russian ambassador, Count Lieven, for twenty-two years, from 1812 to 1834, the Princess held her ground in London, forming political alliances with Tories and Whigs, flattering, and intriguing in turn against Wellington, Canning, Palmerston, and Aberdeen, establishing much influence over George IV. and Lord Grey, and doing her utmost to further Russia's autocratic policy throughout Europe. Born and bred in the inner court circle of Russian absolutism, the Princess Lieven naturally looked with mingled disdain and distrust on the manœuvres of English ministers in courting Parliamentary power, and on England's policy in general in Continental affairs, a policy which, in truth, owing to England's interested semi-detachment from her allies, has led naturally to her common European unpopularity. While it is evident from the whole tenor of these confidential letters to her brother in Russia that the Princess Lieven saw excellence only in English politicians so long as they fell in with and advanced her policy, and denounced them as weak, cowardly, or stupid, when they thwarted her, it is nevertheless extremely interesting to look for a moment at the English through her eyes:—

March, 1828.

"England is a coward, and nothing less. She is afraid to go with us, afraid to go against us, and she thinks herself safe by halting mid-way between her two fears. The attitude is not very dignified for her, but it is not harmful to us, and that is the essential matter. The Government is contemptible, and cannot last. Ministers blackguard one another like draymen."

July, 1828.

"This England is too insolent. She needs to have troubles, and she will have plenty."

August, 1828.

"You cannot believe how annoyed they are here with the boasting of the French papers about the Expedition to the Morea; yet in truth England deserves the contempt which they throw upon her. What has she done for Greece? Or rather, what has she not done against Greece? And, after all, this powerful and wealthy England will not give a shilling or a man, and is obliged to leave all the honour to others. Bad faith and impotency—these are the most distinctive attributes of the English Government; straightforwardness and strength are ours." (!)

November, 1828.

"At the moment of what is here called our disasters, this Austria was stirring up a crusade to destroy us, so this *magnanimous* and *generous* England thought the moment most propitious. She, however, met with a strong rebuff at Paris. . . . The English Government thinks itself strong because nobody attacks it."

August, 1829.

"I have established quite lately most friendly relations with Lord Aberdeen. He lays bare to me with the greatest simplicity his innermost thoughts; they are mean and cowardly; but, nevertheless, at the same time, they are as thoroughly in conformity with our interests as it is possible to desire."

September, 1829.

"We shall be able to do whatever we like. Public opinion has followed in the wake of the Cabinet, whose conduct has been nerveless and cowardly, and now leaves its dear Turks in the lurch. We are hated and feared."

October, 1829.

"Lord Aberdeen, in a most woebegone tone began: 'Well, your glory is now achieved. Russia dominates the world to-day. Notwithstanding the modesty of your language, you are omnipotent everywhere to-day, while so far we seem to have been your dupes, and are humbled and disgraced.' At last, after bringing his complainings to a close, he delivered himself of the conviction that an intimate union with Russia is a matter of urgent necessity. He found in such an arrangement only a guarantee of peace and tranquility throughout the world."

There is no doubt that Wellington was outwitted by Russia in 1828, and that Princess Lieven's words, "England is afraid to go with us, and afraid to go against us, and she thinks herself safe by halting midway between her two fears," are an admirable diagnosis of England's chronic difficulty in her relations with Russia. To us English, Russian diplomacy is a phrase corresponding to bad faith, and to Russia the words English intrigues are synonymous with hypocritical conduct! The amusing thing is that both reproaches are thoroughly deserved! So opposed are Russian and English interests that each country in turn is continually scheming to get beforehand with the other. We English naturally see only our side of the shield, and we think of ourselves as straightforward and honest in our aim, never desiring to gain new territories, but only to guard what we have got. Nevertheless, Egypt, the Soudan, the Transvaal, Somaliland, fall like ripe plums into our mouth, accidentally, while all Europe gapes on hearing anew of our disinterested intentions. Princess Lieven, though an extremely bitter and hostile critic of England's policy, showed herself nevertheless very acute in her prejudiced judgments on English statesmen. If Nicholas had remembered her criticism of Lord Aberdeen, he would never have said, as he is reported to have said, on the eve of the Crimean War, "So long as Lord Aberdeen remains in the Ministry and is making these assurances to us, I hold it impossible that war can be declared." But Lord Aberdeen and his assurances gently faded away, when the time was ripe, and war was declared. To the guileless Russian mind this was a characteristic example of British hypocrisy.

In 1834 the Lievens were recalled from London by Nicholas, why, the able editor of the correspondence, Mr. Lionel G. Robinson, is not able to tell us. Probably, as he says, Princess Lieven had made too many enemies, and was too much distrusted by English diplomatists for Nicholas's future aims to be served. The Princess, in fact, had been a little too clever, and had identified herself too much with English politicians not to have aroused general distrust. There are some very amusing passages in the book, showing that though the Princess had grasped to a marvel the spirit of English life, she could never reconcile herself to the ideas of any but an autocratic *régime*. Thus, for example, on the introduction of the great Reform Bill of 1831, she writes:—

March, 1831.

I was absolutely stupefied when I learned the extent of the Reform Bill. . . . I have neither the time nor the courage to read it. Its leading features have scared me completely. . . Lord Grey is possessed by a demon of incredible madness. . . . *May*, 1831. . . . If those who guide us do not know how—or, unfortunately, are not able—to stop themselves, there will ensue troubles such as the world has never yet seen, and will in the end submerge everything."

Mr. Lionel G. Robinson must be thanked for the care and skill with which he has edited and annotated the volume. He

* "Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven." Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. 14s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

speaks of Princess Lieven, we note, as a "thoroughly national character." She seems to us rather to have been one of those international types, which, as in her own case, arise from an intermixture of various national strains.

THE NEW JEROME.*

When Paul Kelver found himself with a profitable reputation as a humorist and a prevailing desire to achieve greatness by the production of serious work, his friends deterred him from the attempt. "'You would find it almost impossible now,' explained those who spoke, I knew, words of wisdom, of experience. 'The world would never listen to you. Once a humorist, always a humorist.'" This, in the main, is as true as it is unaccountable. The public cannot easily persuade itself to accept any one man in more than one capacity, and if he has once won its suffrages as a jester it labels him accordingly, and expects him ever after to live up to his label, and is apt to discredit his ability to do more, or other, than that. It is an amazing decision, and all the best precedents are against it. The hand that gave us "Pickwick" and the broadly farcical tales in the "Sketches by Boz," gave us also "A Tale of Two Cities"; before Thackeray wrote "Esmond" or "Vanity Fair" he was responsible for "Yellowplush" and "Cox's Diary"; the mind that conceived "Hamlet" was not above the knock-about pantomime of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Certainly to all who hold this unwarrantable doctrine, that a humorist can never be anything more than a humorist, "Paul Kelver" will come as something in the nature of a surprise. It is over thirteen years ago now since Mr. Jerome published "Three Men in a Boat," but his latest book is divided from that earlier one by much more than thirteen years of time. Here and there something of the old robust, loud humour laughs out irresistibly again: as in the account of Paul's rise to eminence as an author of comic opera; in the description of the wedding of the "Lady 'Ortensia"; in all Paul's relations with that undesirable young lady and her family; but it is mellower, more restrained. And the humour of O'Kelly and the wistful, lovable, wicked little Signora, with their mutual admiration for O'Kelly's immaculate but deserted wife, is of a finer, subtler quality altogether.

The story unfolds, as the story of a normal human life must, without any close-woven, complicated plot; it is the history of Paul Kelver's growth, and mental and moral development, from childhood to early manhood; of the people he met; the various influences for good and evil that gathered about him and helped or hindered his progress; of his home, and school, and office life, his disastrous failure as an actor, and the beginnings of his literary success. Though Paul's story may, in some measure, reflect the early personal experiences of Mr. Jerome himself, it does more than literally record such experiences, it lays bare and interprets their inner significance and shows their effect upon Paul's character and career.

Perhaps, looking back from the end of the book, you find that, apart from Paul himself and possibly Barbara, no characters in it have taken a stronger hold upon your memory and your sympathy than Paul's father and mother; she with her winsome, girlish sweetness, he, the impracticable dreamer convinced of his shrewd business abilities, the transparently honest gentleman foredoomed to failure in whatever he undertook. These two are drawn with great tenderness and insight, with a quiet pathos and touches of that rarest humour that has the hint of tears in it. The whimsicalities of Aunt Fan are somewhat Dickensian, but old Mr. Hasluck is a quaint original, important in himself and as a foil to his beautiful daughter Barbara, whose fascinating personality and unlooked for downfall are a masterly blending of idyllic fancy and relentless realism. One of the most charming phases of the novel is Paul's happy wooing of the frank, sweet Norah Deleglise, and it neither mars nor is marred by his haunting, hopeless, dream-love of the brilliant and wayward Barbara. Mr. Jerome nowhere attempts to fob us off with any lay figures; his many minor persons are all carefully and knowledgably drawn, and are, every man and woman of them, distinct entities.

The style throughout is picturesque, lucid, vigorous, but just now and then it is so primly correct as to irritate and make one wonder whether Mr. Jerome is paying certain of his critics a compliment they have been slow to pay him and taking them seriously. Some of them have heretofore accused him of careless, slipshod writing, and here he is occasionally over-careful, and, going to the other extreme, achieves a stiff precision that is vaguely reminiscent of those Ollendorf dialogues he has elsewhere satirised. As thus: "'I can flirt,' assured me the leading lady archly." "'Not that I mean I don't like her as it is, ye understand,' corrected himself the O'Kelly a second time." "Had said my aunt, 'There she goes moping again.'" "Ever was he a kind friend to me.'" Such stilted forms of expression are not natural to Mr. Jerome; there is a suspicion of affectation about them, and he does not need to rely on that sort of thing, he can afford to be himself. It is a very small matter, of course, and in a less gifted man might pass unnoticed, but those of us who admire Mr. Jerome and have faith in him want him always undisguised.

Withal, "Paul Kelver" is a novel of such genuine power that one is half ashamed to have mentioned such a niggling objection, especially as those lapses are infrequent. The descriptive passages are strikingly clear and vivid in line and detail—they have colour and atmosphere; but the prevailing note of the book is its profound humanity. It is a book of wide, sane views and kindly worldly wisdom, that you can turn to re-read for the intrinsic truth and interest of its story, as well as because it holds the ripe harvest of a thoughtful, charitable observer, who has lived much and learned much, and remembers it all.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Paul Kelver." By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

ROME AND REFORM.*

In Mr. Kington Oliphant's handsome and well-filled volumes he seeks to exhibit the influence of the Roman Church on Europe since the Reformation. He divides the entire history of that Church into three periods: the Age of Struggle, during which for a thousand years it was fighting for domination; the Age of Dominion, which lasted for five hundred years longer, and which was in the main beneficent; and the Age of Debasement, during which, so far as Europe is concerned, the Pope has acted the part of the remorseless old man who clings to the neck of the luckless Sindbad. Taking each country of modern Europe separately he traces its history since the Reformation. Italy, Spain, France, and Ireland occupy the first volume; Poland, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Sweden, Holland, and England the second. One would have supposed that Belgium and Scotland might have contributed some considerable facts, but they are not separately treated. The history is throughout interesting, lucid, and lively. It is of course compressed, and in the case especially of the two "distressful" countries, Poland and Ireland, the changes are so constant that the narrative sometimes tends to become bare and bewildering. But that is the fault of the countries, not of the historian. As a narrative Mr. Oliphant's work will be found supremely useful as a handy and sufficient book of reference. As regards its merits as an arbitration between Protestantism and Romanism, it is wholly fair. Mr. Oliphant is, at any rate, far from bigoted. If he is biassed it is certainly not in favour of Protestantism. He sees and exhibits whatever good has been wrought by the Church of Rome. He notes how potent for the amelioration of savagery and for resistance to the Mohammedan debasement of woman was the benign influence of the ever-present image of the Maiden Mother; how grateful we should be for the bridge which the monkish transcribers formed between the ancient literature and the modern world; how well it was that in the chaos of contending nations the judge who restored order and kept the peace had temporal power to enforce his authority. But the indictment of Rome in her latter days is also frank and weighty. The economic loss occasioned by the celibacy of the clergy, the burden of religious houses and lands, the useless holidays, the long exemption of the clergy from the power of the law—all this and much more is charged upon Romanism. The two great forms of Christianity are further compared in their effects upon art, literature, order, toleration, and while there is nothing pressed to the disparagement of Rome, and nothing "set down in malice," the conclusion is reached that "the future seems to belong to Churches long estranged from Rome." As everyone who has given the slightest attention to the subject knows, the argu-

* "Rome and Reform." By T. L. Kington Oliphant, of Balliol College. In two volumes. 21s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

ment from results in national character and prosperity is extremely risky. There is in all Christendom so much wickedness, in all Churches there appear so many perplexing and disconcerting facts, that to cast the balance is a supremely difficult task. No country has been more steadily Protestant or more intelligently religious than Scotland, yet no country is so unashamedly drunken. Mr. Oliphant is not unaware of these disconcerting facts, and it seems to us that his concluding chapter, in which he endeavours to strike the balance between the two faiths, is not written with so sure a hand as the historical part of the work. In the history he often seems to forget that he has any object in collecting his facts, and is carried away by the interest of the events. He has an eye for large movements, and, if he too much neglects the mental and social changes which slowly revolutionise external history, he presents an admirable survey of the course into which political aspirations and ideas have driven modern Europe.

MARCUS DODS.

MR. HOWELLS' ESSAYS.*

In the cultivated American it was long ago remarked that there is something academic,—a scrupulous attention to form, a quietness of manner, and a self-restraint, which are French rather than English. Hawthorne had these gifts; they were not wanting to Emerson; in Mr. Howells we look for them as well known to us from his narrative-pieces which, though set in a tranquil key, have their emotions, their humours, and a singular charm. Nor is it a small thing that when we look up from the page we should like to be acquainted with the author. He speaks to us, while so many do but write impersonal paragraphs, foreign as advertisements to the paper that prints them. He is therefore a genuine essayist, to be taken up when we will; always thoughtful, suggestive, amusing in the better sense of the word, well-mannered, and invariably sympathetic. He is almost old-fashioned (as we find Americans often to be) in spite of the late hues of Socialism,—or what shall we call it?—that tinge his philosophy, and the hatred of war in every shape to which only the millenium will bring satisfaction.

"A group of desultory sketches and essays," this at first sight. Then the thought which binds them, "If I did not find life in what professed to be literature, I disabled its profession, and possibly from this habit, now inveterate with me, I am never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it." The thing seen, to speak with Victor Hugo, must reveal an intrinsic poetry and "put on phrases that clothe it pleasingly to the imagination." Here, then, comes the dreamer whom our smoke offends, our steam suffocates, our crowds affect in turn with pity and terror; but until the light strikes through smoke and steam, till the crowd breaks up into men, women, and children, each living its own story, life is but raw material, unfit for the magic moment. One who feels this mood will protest in his convinced yet delicate speech, that a good deal of our present civilisation might disappear in flame without loss to anybody. He wants to see the rainbow in the sky; whenever a glimpse is caught of it, he bids the world look. So these are, in brief, rainbow-sketches.

They range far and wide. As an editor of magazines Mr. Howells gives pertinent advice to young contributors; as an author he expresses himself smiling across the book, but with a "sad sincerity" on the "man of letters as a man of business," in which light he does not think much of Scriblerus. He is excellent on "the short story," on various aspects of American literature, and on "esthetic New York" as it was half a century ago. He has something fresh to tell us even about "Puritanism in fiction," that is to say, in the fiction of New England. Much lighter themes come before him as he moves over that big, strange continent, so little known, though so familiar on the surface, to every sort of European. He is not above horse shows, "dust in the arena," the morals of fancy-furnishing, or "a circus in the suburbs." His side views into Dutch hotels give us the American abroad who differs from Mark Twain much more than he resembles him. For myself, I like him best when he is visiting the "summer isles of Eden," or floating down the Ohio. But he is never without a point of interest, and if you look to his meaning you will perceive that his devotion to literature is nothing else than faith and hope in a more perfect human life.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Literature and Life." By W. D. Howells. 10s. 6d. (New York: Harper and Brothers.)

Novel Notes.

BAYARD'S COURIER By B. K. Benson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Books about war fall mainly into two classes, according as the war forms the background or the hero is not a single person but a whole army. "Bayard's Courier," however, hardly falls into either class. We are not following the fortunes and the sufferings of an army as in *Le Désastre*, nor seeing war through the eyes of a private soldier as in "The Red Badge of Courage," nor are we wholly concerned with the fate of individual soldiers. Mr. Benson has combined with a historical sketch of some of the chief figures in the American Civil War a rather complicated comedy of errors, in which the two Dromios are twin brothers, each brought up in ignorance of the other's existence. That two brothers under such circumstances should be identical not only in feature but in voice and manner, makes a heavy demand on the reader's credulity, but this is nothing to the use Mr. Benson afterwards makes of coincidence. On the whole the result is not very successful. The complications are too puzzling, and the reader is kept see-sawing backwards and forwards between the Confederates and the Federals. Mr. Benson knows his ground well, but his descriptions are so difficult that he has added several maps. It is a pity that "Bayard's Courier" is not easier reading, because there is much good stuff in it. Many of the character sketches are terse and forcible, and some of the descriptive passages show a good eye for detail; but Mr. Benson will have to be far simpler before he can appeal to English readers, more or less ignorant of the Civil War. As it is, his undoubted powers are rather wasted.

THE SUCCESS OF MARK WYNGATE. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

Given a strong, resolute woman in love with a man of mere science, a calculating, emotionless machine, and the result is a tragedy of sorts. Such at any rate is the view which Miss Silberrad sets forth in this striking novel. The character of Judith Loring, the woman in question, is finely and sympathetically drawn. The man, Mark Wyngate, is less effective, in the nature of things. It is difficult to understand how a man who was a chemist, and nothing but a chemist, who had no thought for anything but his work, should have had such an attraction for any woman. Even so, in spite of Miss Silberrad's convincing exposition of the problem, we are still unreconciled to the tragic ending. Granted that this combination has a necessary element of tragedy in it, still so fine a woman as Judith might have been allowed to raise some spark of emotion in the man. The final sacrifice of her life to his success was not the only possible ending. The whole story is well worked out, the details are filled in with minute care, and the result is finished and harmonious work.

LUCK O' LASSENDALE. By the Earl of Iddesleigh. 6s. (John Lane.)

Nothing is harder than to tell a simple story in a simple way. Lord Iddesleigh writes with simplicity and restraint, but the standard he sets himself is so high that his failure to reach it is all the plainer. The workmanship is good, and there is nothing false or exaggerated. But the story is without that magical touch which makes a book interesting. It is free from minor faults, but not from the one deadly sin of dulness. It is not that the characters ever speak or act in an unnatural way; it is simply that there is nothing in them to make us care what they do. The book is so carefully written that one can only regret that it is not better.

DREWITT'S DREAM. By W. L. Alden. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Alden is a humourist, and we will not insult him by taking this book seriously. It is a wild burlesque, a book no solemn person should be without. In the midst of all this fooling, which occasionally wears rather thin, there is much biting shrewdness in the soliloquies of the American millionaire.

THE SPELL OF THE JUNGLE. By A. Perrin. 3s. 6d. (Treherne.)

Few persons will deny the sufficing power of one woman, on occasions. One woman can, for instance, set a family circle by the ears; another, alone, may bring unrest to a whole

regiment of men; another may bring ruin—or, perhaps, deliverance—to a nation. Few persons would affirm that these things were impossibilities. But one woman only in a novel is an unusual limit. Mrs. Perrin's novel, "The Spell of the Jungle," has just one woman in it, and she a not very experienced one. Ray Templer was rather more than nineteen when she was sent on her voyage to her father in India. She was a pretty, fresh-looking, plucky girl, but it must be allowed that circumstances and Mrs. Perrin's light, skilful touch are responsible for her sufficiency and success as a heroine. There are certain gems, the individual charm of which becomes unnoticeable when they are placed amidst other and more brilliant stones; yet they delight the eye and awaken the interest when placed alone in a favourable position. Ray Templer had just such charm and attractiveness. She was an ordinary, pleasing girl, and the author managed the rest. Without telling the story we may reveal the fact that the letter announcing his daughter's unexpected arrival reached the fiery-tempered and perplexed colonel on the eve of his start for a carefully prepared and eagerly anticipated tiger-shoot with a couple of bachelor friends, one a dapper little man who had already completed his thirty-five years' service in the Bengal Civil Service, the other a woman-hater. The colonel, who loves his sport, and considers an unknown daughter an unmitigated nuisance, decides, after some heated language, to meet the girl, take her with him, and spring her on the woman-hater when too far on the "shoot" for retreat. This, briefly, is the situation, and it forms a really entertaining *motif;* but the strength of the book lies in the excellent descriptions of those days in the jungle, which followed. The shooting expedition, the ways of the tigers and the men, the elephants, the spell of the jungle itself—all these are well and realistically written. Towards the end native superstition plays a somewhat ghastly part, but all ends well, and as an amusing and attractive sporting story, distinguished by its understanding and appreciation of Indian lights and shades, atmosphere and customs, the book is a success.

THE DISENTANGLERS. By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

Mr. Andrew Lang is everything by turns—he is a sort of intellectual jack-of-all-trades, but master of many. Poets may prefer him as an essayist, essayists as a novelist, novelists as a historian, historians as a poet, but to the public he is very welcome in each capacity. His novels may not be great, but they are indubitably good, and this latest of them, "The Disentanglers," testifies no less to his versatility than to his unfailing ability. It does not run on the lines of "Sherlock Holmes," or on those of Stevenson's "Arabian Nights," but whilst it has certain features in common with both of these famous series, it has a freshness of outlook and invention, and is written in a style that is the style of Lang only. Merton and Logan, two impecunious young men seeking a way to make money, hit upon the idea of starting an agency that shall unite the ordinary duties of the private detective with the more delicate disentangling of unsuitable matrimonial engagements, and family mysteries and difficulties; they engage a staff of male and female assistants, and the adventures in which they become involved in the pursuit of their calling are extremely varied and diverting. The book has humour, of the quietly cynical kind that Mr. Lang affects; several of the stories are strongly seasoned with sensation; some are fantastically improbable, and yet so plausibly written as to have a persuasive air of reality; each in its kind is cleverly contrived, and, despite an occasional garrulity and lack of compression, takes a fast hold on the reader's attention and never looses it till the end.

A PASTEBOARD CROWN. By Clara Morris. 6s. (Isbister.)

This is, in the main, a story of American theatrical life, and the "pasteboard crown" symbolises the success and notoriety that Sybil Lawton won as an actress on the New York stage. At the outset, we see her a spirited, innocent girl, one of two daughters of poor parents, living frugally in a shabby house on the skirts of the city; at the close, we see her wealthy, admired, triumphant, but no longer innocent, though she is still pure-hearted. The strange happiness that comes to her out of the tragic death of the man she loves is finely imagined. The book needs some little condensing; the earlier part of it especially; and now and then the author slips into a high falutin manner of writing that rather spoils her dialogue. For example, we find it hard to believe that Sybil would have said to herself, "Oh, I suppose it's poverty that commands his silence—poverty, fruitful mother of many miseries, of shame and humiliation." Other characters occasionally talk to themselves in this strain, and sometimes indulge in page-long soliloquies in the course of which they relate incidents that happened in the past of other persons of the story. Nevertheless, the novel has originality and power, and the characters are drawn with knowledge and ability, notably the vulgar, nagging Mrs. Lawton, and her husband, the mild, good, kindly gentleman who being trustful and unbusinesslike, lost a fortune, and having reduced his family to penury, is keenly sensitive that he is to blame, and feels their sufferings more than his own, but can do nothing to mend matters. The book is not faultless; no book is; but its strong human appeal is irresistible.

The Bookman's Table.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA. A Poem. By Alphonse Courlander. (The Unicorn Press.)

Mr. Courlander begins his poem with the returning of Perseus from the conquest of the Gorgon, wearing Pluto's helmet of invisibility, and carrying "Medusa's severed head"; he is sick for home and weary of heart, and as he makes his way

> "Black robèd night
> Trailed o'er the sea; and drearily the wind
> Complained and whimpered, like a little babe
> That is awake, and cannot sleep again."

Nearing at length the rock to which Andromeda is bound, he hears her despairing moan. These lines have in them real feeling and poetic understanding:

> "Just as beneath the moon the long low note
> Of some stringed instrument strikes strangely home
> Into the heart, and finds an echo there
> Of other music heard in other lives;
> So to the heart of listening Perseus yearned
> The maiden's cry, monotonously sad.
> O! never was there sorrow in the sea,
> Or in the fall of rain, or in the wind,
> So great as was the grief in her sad voice."

The poem is, indeed, throughout a vivid picture of the actual scene upon the rock; there is little pondering on, or describing of sea or sky, but little imagery; the emotions are touched upon keenly, but never at length; and after a tender interchange of hopeless forecast of doom and confident assurance of rescue, the monster comes

> "Like a hound of death
> That sniffs the trail of blood, and forward bounds
> And pants to track and batter down its prey;
> So, when the monster saw Andromeda,
> It lashed the sea, and leapt with blood-lust. Then
> Swept Perseus down upon the scalèd thing,
> With a triumphant cry of victory."

The little poem itself has pleased and interested us; it is simple yet full of life, a myth made real, a cameo in poetry. For frontispiece to the volume is reproduced a study from the painting of "Andromeda" by Lord Leighton.

A ROMANCE OF THE NURSERY. By L. Allen Harker. 6s. (John Lane.)

Popular romances of the nursery are based mainly on two pathetic illusions, the illusion of childhood as a golden age infinitely remote from us, and of childhood as an age that is iron rather than golden, a detestable time of tyranny and tears. Mrs. Allen Harker is not a victim to either. If she has called her "series of impressions" a romance, it is because she knows that whoever would tell the truth about childhood is committed irretrievably to romance. The tale is told by "Janey" (that delightful person), grown-up, but Mrs. Allen Harker has not allowed her to tell it from the grown-up point of view. She knows her business (and Janey's) too well for that. Her child's world is observed wholly from within; it has its own distances, its own perspective, its own mystery, and its own dream. It is not seen through the glorifying or distorting medium of the adult imagination. There is not the smallest suggestion of its having "orbed into the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein." To compare Mrs. Allen Harker's work, therefore, with that of Mr. Kenneth Grahame is to miss the point of view. It has about it less of voluptuous reminiscence and more of direct insight and observation. If

she has not given to her picture the peculiar golden atmosphere, the effect of things seen through an immense though luminous distance, it is because for her that distance does not exist. Her chief charm is her sincerity, the wholeheartedness of her return to a world from which she has never felt herself an exile. She is innocent of any direct or malignant literary intention. Her humour is always spontaneous and delightful. But that she has a literary conscience is proved by her scrupulous style, by the finished and delicate art shown in these studies of children: Janey, who looked "like a rosebud that had tumbled into the sun," Lucy, the three-year-old with "cuddly ways," Harry, the typical "boy," Paul, and Fiametta, the small *intruse*, with a temperament sweet as a flower and sharp as a flame. If Mrs. Allen Harker is a little daring in putting Fiametta side by side with Paul, she is justified by the success of the portraiture. Both are children of ungovernable imagination; with the difference that while Paul's imagination is inborn, Fiametta's is inbred, he being a child-poet, and she a poet's child. Among these very "real children" Paul is the most vividly and triumphantly alive. And this is hopeful for Mrs. Harker's work in the future, for in choosing Paul she was handicapped not only by the competition of her own Fiametta, but by that of all the poet-children who have gone before him. They are not all fascinating, those poet-children. But Paul, who has to "petend to be a prodigal" in order to feel the penitence required of him; Paul, with his blank verse:

> "The mournful moon hath ta'en his trousers off,
> And all the stars they have cast down their shoes,"

and his exquisite reasons for producing King Henry the Eighth as his "fav'rit car'rater" in history, Paul is a person of irresistible humour and charm. There are only a few, a very few, remarkable books about children. Among them Mrs. Allen Harker's takes a high and honourable place.

POEMS. By Sir Edward J. Reed. 5s. net. (Richards.)

This slender collection of Sir Edward Reed's verses will be especially welcomed by those, and they are not a few, who hold in esteem that other volume of his poems published nearly half a century ago. That he is of the school of Tennyson, and that the shaping influence of the master's hand is frequently apparent in his work, he frankly acknowledges by reprinting on the fly-leaf an extract to that effect from a former criticism—a frankness and unaffected honesty of which no small poet would have been capable. But that some of the poems have a Tennysonian ring about them is the least of the book's merits; there are poems here that have a quiet beauty of expression, a high-souled quality of thought and sincerity of utterance that are wholly their own. It is hard in our limited space to select for quotation any lines that will not suffer by such a detachment, and these verses from the dedicatory poem, "To the Muse," are not chosen as representing what is best in the volume, but more for the charm and pathos of the personal note that is struck in them.

> "With whitening head, with eyes
> That now but dimly see God's glory fall
> About his mountain altars, ears that all
> The ringing minstrelsies
>
> Of the unfolding Spring
> No more to perfect music wake, I wind
> My daily round, until death's fingers bind
> My brow with icy ring. . . . . .
>
> But thou immortal art,
> And thou dost lift to immortality
> Thy noblest. We, from the rough-buffeting sea
> Behold them set apart. . . . . .
>
> Wherefore, O Muse Divine,
> Though unto thee my life I did not vow,
> And though thy bays will never bind this brow,
> Yet make this offering thine."

There are poems here whose sensitive humanity and spiritual outlook will keep them living long after many noisier books have become inaudible.

AMONGST SWAMPS AND GIANTS IN EQAUTORIAL AFRICA. By Major Austin. 15s. (Pearson.)

It would be difficult to imagine a more thrilling story than that which is set forth in the pages of Major Austin's book. His narrative of how he and his followers were dogged day and night on their march through the swamps of Equatoria by giants who never showed themselves, though they silently evidenced their presence by the commission of unspeakable atrocities on the stragglers who fell into their hands, reads like a nightmare. Nor were the difficulties limited to those involved in fighting a way through their diabolical enemies, for food and water ran short, and it was only after terrible privations and sufferings that the expedition succeeded in reaching Uganda. At one time the only food available consisted of ginger nuts and donkey meat. The majority of the members of the expedition perished on the way, and had it not been for the loyalty and devotion displayed by the Soudanese escort, it is highly probable that no one would have survived. The results of the expedition were, from a geographical point of view, extremely valuable, as the line of march lay almost entirely through an unknown part of the Dark Continent. The author tells his story with great simplicity and modesty, and it may safely be said that this volume is one of the most fascinating books of travel published of late.

The New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 15TH, 1902, TO JANUARY 15TH, 1903.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CONDER, COLONEL C. R., LL.D., etc.—The First Bible, 5s. (Blackwood)

DAVIDSON, A. B., D.D., LL.D.—Biblical and Literary Essays. Edited by Professor J. A. Paterson, D.D., 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

GIBBON, REV. B. J.—The True Ritual, 1s. ... (A. H. Stockwell)

JEPHSON, JULIE.—Christian Democracy, 6d. ... (Fisher Unwin)

JOWETT, BENJAMIN.—Select Passages from Theological Writings. Edited by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (John Murray)

LACORDAIRE, Thoughts and Teachings of, 2s. 6d. net (Art and Book Co.)

MERRY DEL VAL, R., D.D.—The Truth of Papal Claims, 3s. 6d. (Sands)

MOXHAM, REV. WILLIAM.—The One Christ, 9d. net (A. H. Stockwell)

PHILIP, REV. JOHN, D.D.—The Old Gospel and its New Law, 1s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

Points to Christianity, and explains it as being the one system to meet all the needs of man. Argues that it does not suffer and grow of no effect with time, but is strength, support, good law, and good sense, in modern times as in the past, and the one thing wide and wise and divine enough to embrace all classes and generations.

RUSSELL, GEORGE W. E.—The Household of Faith, 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)

SMITH, REV. HARRY, M.A.—More Bible Stories without Names, 1s. 6d. ..... (Oliphant, Anderson)

ST. CLAIR, GEORGE.—Will Christ Come? 5s. net (Harrison and Sons)

STUTTARD, REV. JOHN.—The Man who was Born Blind, 2s. 6d. (A. H. Stockwell)

The writer, to set forth the full lesson, and the many lessons, to be learned from the story of the blind man in the Gospel, takes much more of the history than is generally taken, and dwells on the chapters leading up to and following the ninth chapter of St. John. He maintains that, perhaps, there is no incident which has suffered more from the arbitrary division of the chapters in the New Testament, and consequent breaking of the train of thought and sequence of events. The volume is clear, helpful, and illuminating.

FICTION.

ALLAN, JAMES M'GRIGOR.—Where Lies her Charm? 6s. (Sonnenschein)

BAYNTON, BARBARA.—Bush Studies, 1s. 6d. net ... (Duckworth)

BEAVEN, E. W.—The Migrations of Mortimer Mackinall, 3s. 6d (A. H. Stockwell)

BECKE, LOUIS.—The Jalasco Brig, 3s. 6d. ..... (Treherne)

It is no disparagement of Mr. Becke's work to say that his books hardly call for a review. He is unique in his knowledge of the Pacific Islands in the old days. Those were wild times, and they were a wild lawless people, those island traders. Mr. Becke tells a plain, unvarnished tale, not nursery reading, but interesting enough to the student of human nature. Of the three stories in this volume, "Hope" is the best, because it shows Mr. Becke in a kindlier mood. Work of this kind, more than any other, comes under the classic formula, "those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like." Admirers of Mr. Becke will welcome each new volume drawn from his seemingly inexhaustible store; those who found his earlier books unreadable will find this unreadable too.

BENSON, B. K.—Bayard's Courier, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

BURTT, JOSEPH.—A Deal in Diamonds, and Other Stories, 1s. 6d. ..... (Burtt, Hull)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Man in the Street, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)

The Man in the Street, by name George Crutchloe, secretary to his friend, Robert Latreille, M.P., waited on the doorstep, so to speak, watching two women and a man tangling themselves up in the mazes of love and politics. The tangle is a painfully intricate one for at least one of the women and the man; but the Man in the Street, having waited till fate looked his way, stepped down from his doorstep and gathered up the good things

which had been scattered in the struggle—including the heart of one of the women. The novel deals with politics and occultism sufficiently to give the story "atmosphere," but there is a great to-do also about love. At the end, the member of Parliament "threw himself on his knees by the sofa, and laid his head on his arms, and cried as few women have, and no man has, ever cried." It was unusual, but not altogether unreasonable.

CROMARTY, DEAS.—Lauder and her Lovers, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

FLETCHER, J. S.—The Air-Ship, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

FREELAND, HOLMAN.—Trelawny and his Friends ... (Isbister)

GARVICE, CHARLES.—In Cupid's Chains, 3s. 6d. ..... (Sands)

This is the novelist—and this is the novel—for that large and appreciative reading public which recognised and delighted in the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood, and Miss Braddon in her earlier days (Miss Braddon not historical). "In Cupid's Chains" is what those readers call "a good novel." It is a well-contrived modern story, not slip-shod in detail, packed with incident and ingenious plotting. Virtue is upheld and vice condemned; yet mercy is allowed to those who had redeeming qualities, and happiness to those who have been wronged, and taxed heavily, in the course of love and life. Mr. Garvice's books sell like hot cakes on the other side of the Atlantic, and we are not surprised; of their kind they are good. There is honest, legitimate, sensational writing in them; melodramatic perhaps, but not morbid.

GLEIG, CHARLES.—The Misfit Mantle, 3s. 6d. ..... (Treherne)

Heroes of the Norselands. Their Stories Retold by Katharine F. Boult. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. Temple Classic for Young People. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Dent)

HOLMES, ARTHUR H.—The Voice of the World, 6s. (Thomas Burleigh)

McILROY, ARCHIBALD.—The Humour of Druid's Island, 2s. net ..... (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin)

MOOR, CHARLOTTE ("COLONIA").—Marina De La Rey, 6s. (Digby, Long)

MORRIS, CLARA.—A Pasteboard Crown ..... (Isbister)

OHNET, GEORGES.—The Woman of Mystery. Translated by Fred. Rothwell, B.A. 6s. ..... (Chatto)

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Fugitive Anne, 6s. ... (John Long)

Anne, judging by circumstantial evidence, slipped out of the window-port of her cabin on board the ss. *Leichardt*, to be eaten by sharks or cannibals, rather than endure life with a very unattractive and bullying husband, to whom she had been married four months. But circumstantial evidence was not reliable in this case; not even the lock of brown hair entangled in an outside rope could be depended on. Anne, indeed, was saved from an exciting death to take part in a more exciting life, which included wanderings in the bush, the position of High Priestess and servant of the Tortoise God, imminent death over a precipice to appease the wrath of a jealous woman, the unexpected succession to an old title, and marriage to a faithful Danish lover. There is no lack of incident in this romance of the unexplored Bush.

RIVERS, WILLIAM A.—Anglo-Chinese Sketches, 1s. net (Menheneott, Edgware Road)

ROBINSON, PHIL.—Bubble and Squeak. Some Calamitous Stories. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin and J. A. Shepherd. (Isbister)

SPEIGHT, T. W.—By Fortune's Whim, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

TAYLER, F. JENNER.—The Long Vigil, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

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This world of wonders never was designed
To yield reward that is not fairly won.
You call me cold and cruel. Friend, hear this:
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